

MAGIC PICTURES OF THE LONG AGO



ANNA CURTIS CHANDLER

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~~Jan~~ Chandler

Magic pictures of the long ago.

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To W.G. BOWDOIN =

Hoping that this little
book will present, at least, a
few "Magic Pictures"!

Anna Curtis Chandler

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Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

KING LEAR
By Edwin Abbey

MAGIC PICTURES OF THE LONG AGO

STORIES OF THE PEOPLE OF MANY
LANDS

BY
ANNA CURTIS CHANDLER

WITH FORTY-SEVEN REPRODUCTIONS FROM WORKS OF ART AND OLD
MANUSCRIPTS



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1918



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Dedicated
TO
MY MOTHER AND FATHER
WHO FIRST TOLD ME STORIES
AND WHO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
READY TO LISTEN TO MINE, AND
TO HELP AND ENCOURAGE

help; to Miss Marion E. Fenton for her editorial work and her encouragement; to Miss Louise Avery of the Museum for her suggestions in selecting the title of this collection of stories, and to the many other friends who have given me aid.

I am hoping that these stories, written, will convey their message of happiness as they have, spoken. As Kate Douglas Wiggin says: "I would rather be the children's Storyteller than the queen's favorite or the king's counselor."

ANNA CURTIS CHANDLER.

New York,

June 8, 1918.

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MAGIC PICTURES OF THE LONG AGO



DANCE OF THE JESTERS

From an Old Manuscript

ABOUT THE STORIES

We all love to hear and read stories and just so, thousands of years ago, did the little brown boys and girls of Egypt, the children of bright and sunny Greece, of England and of France in the time of brave knights and fair ladies, of Holland and our own United States in the days when their brave struggles had won for them their independence.

We all use that wonderful gift of the Imagination which each of us has, and by which we can picture ourselves far away; sometimes we go to fairy places where we see fairy kings and queens, genii and dragons, and sometimes, as now, we use our "magic gift" and see pictures of real people who lived years ago in different lands. If you keep your eyes wide open when you go into Museums and Art Galleries and when you look at books, I am sure you will see painted, carved, or drawn pictures of these very people of whom you are now going to see magic word pictures.

THE FAIR PRINCESS OF BEKHITEN OR THE KINDNESS OF THE EGYPTIAN MOON-GOD

I am going to tell you to-day a story,—the beginning of which was written on stone by some priests in Thebes in the time of the Greeks, in honor of the Egyptian Moon-God, Khonsu. The story has to do with the greatest man on earth over 3000 years ago,—an Egyptian King, whose name was Rameses II.

The story of the marriage of this King to a Hittite Princess made a big impression on the people and it was retold many times until it took the form of a story, which eight or nine hundred years later was engraved on stone by these Priests of the Egyptian God Khonsu.

This King lived in the city of Thebes, in Egypt, but for a long time his subjects saw very little of him, for he was away in Syria making different conquests. Besides his activity in war, he found time to make himself famous as one of the greatest builders that ever sat on the throne of Egypt. He built tombs, walls, obelisks, and temples. Very mighty and very proud was he, and little did he dream that the Hebrew boy whom his daughter adopted would one day humble all the pride of Egypt, and that his own name—the very name of the mighty Rameses—would be best remembered because it came to be linked with that of this boy who was called Moses. So just as we like to hear stories of our heroes and Presidents, Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson, and the English like to hear about their

Kings and Queens, and the French people of their heroes and heroines, so the brown folk of Egypt, big and little, in the time of long ago, liked to hear stories told of their great and powerful rulers such as the mighty Rameses.

OVER three thousand years ago, in ancient Egypt, there was a great king called Rameses II, who was very powerful and who extended his rule even into Asia. From these conquests he received large taxes collected by governors sent over by him, and with them he enriched his treasuries and enlarged his army.

One year he resolved that he would go in person and find out whether or not he was receiving his dues, and how his provinces were being governed. The King, the Lord High Chamberlain, and a long train of officials, soldiers, and servants, journeyed for many months, and everywhere on the way, people gathered to see them pass. The bright helmets and broad, round shields of the soldiers gleamed in the sunlight, and the magnificent trappings, the many colored plumes, and splendid harnesses on the horses were marvelous to behold! The white flowing garments of the officials were lighted up by the glowing sun of Egypt, and the King wore the white crown of Upper Egypt and the red crown of Lower Egypt, a robe of fine white linen, pleated, and

a girdle of gold and green enamel. He rode in his royal gilded chariot attended by a body-guard on foot, and the procession passed in a blaze of gold and white and scarlet.

Finally they reached a large city in the land of the Hittites, where Ramesses had bidden the chiefs of the tribes to come together. Thither came fierce looking warriors from the mountain regions of Armenia, clad in fur robes; there were tall men from the desert regions in cloaks of red, green, blue, and yellow, and one by one the chieftains came forward to lay their tribute before the



STATUE OF RAMESES II

Turin Museum

throne on which was seated the king himself in all his official emblems, his crook and whip, with a beautiful golden necklace around his neck. Besides the tribute money, they brought him wonderful presents of gold and silver work set with precious

stones, of lapis lazuli, of turquoise, and of precious woods.

But when the ruler of Bekhten, the Hittite chief Khetasar from the country near the Euphrates river, came forward, he had very little to offer besides the tribute demanded. The King of Egypt at first looked rather angry, but then remembering the service which the ruler of Bekhten had faithfully rendered him in the past, said:

“We bid thee welcome, O ruler of Bekhten, and we would rejoice to see thee at our court. Wilt thou come?”

“Thy servant thanks thee, O Mighty King,” answered the chieftain, “but he is old, and such a journey is not for him. But there is one in thy servant’s house, O my King, more fitting to accompany thee.”

“Bring him into our presence,” replied the King of Egypt.

In a few minutes an attendant appeared leading by the hand a closely veiled maiden.

“If my lord, the King of Egypt, will accept my daughter, Bentresh, in my stead,” said the chief, “I shall be much honored. She can wait upon the Queen, if my lord, the King, should so will.”

He drew back the veil from her face and the King of

Egypt started back in astonishment for there stood a maiden more beautiful than any he had ever seen. Fair-skinned was she, blue-eyed and rosy-checked, with long



EGYPTIAN LADIES AT A FEAST

Wall Picture from a Theban Tomb, in the British Museum, London

black hair, very different from the maidens of his own land.

“She shall be my Queen,” cried the delighted king, leading the maiden to a seat on the throne. At that a great cheering came from all the chieftains, who were delighted that the King of Egypt should so honor a maiden of one of their tribes. Many were the festivi-

ties, music, dancing, and feasting, in honor of the marriage of the king to the fair maid of Bekhten, and in due time the procession started homeward and after many months reached Thebes, in Egypt.

Several years went by and the King and Queen were very happy together. One day the Lord High Chamberlain announced to the King that an embassy from the Lord of Bekhten begged audience of him.

"Bid them enter," replied the King, who was seated at one end of the great audience hall, on a low balcony supported by columns ending in capitals of lotus flowers and decorated with gold and turquoise.

"Who art thou, and what is thy errand to our Court?" he asked, when the embassy had been brought before him.

Now all those who addressed the King first made a deep bow and then recited a little hymn of praise, telling of the King's greatness and his skill in war. So this messenger, the leader of the embassy, began: "O King, my master, wherever thou dost tread, thy enemies flee and perish: if it please thee, O King of the South and the North, Lord of the Two Lands, I am come to crave a boon for my master, thy servant, who is ruling in Bekhten."

"Speak on," replied the King.

“The sister of the maiden who shareth my Lord’s throne, lieth very ill, and all the skill and wisdom of our land cannot cure her: but we have learned much of the wisdom of the learned men of Egypt, and we crave that one of thy wise men be sent that she may be made well.”

“What can be done shall be done,” replied the King.

Straightway he summoned all the wise men in Thebes, the doctors and the magicians and all the interpreters of mysteries; finally Thutemhab, a man famed throughout the land for wisdom and learning, was chosen to accompany the embassy, and back again to Bekhten they went.

Many months passed, when one day the Lord High Chamberlain came before the King who was seated on the throne with his Queen beside him, to say;

“Thutemhab, the wise man of our land, hath returned from Bekhten, and with him the Prince of the land, oh my Lord.”

At the King’s command the Prince was brought into his presence.

“And how fareth the maiden of Bekhten who has been ill?” asked the King.

“Oh great and powerful King,” replied the Prince, “Praise to thee, Sun of the Nations of the Nine Bows! Grant that we may live before thee, oh Mighty One of

Strength! The wise man whom thou sent us saith that she is possessed of an evil spirit against which only the power of a god can prevail. Thy servant, my father, doth beg that thou will send one of the gods of the land of Egypt that he may bring back to health the sister of

thy honored Queen.

Give us life from thee! May thy Majesty grant this request of thy servant!"



KING RAMESES II

Before Amon Ra, "Lord of Karnak," and the God Khonsu, who says: "I will give thee strength."

The Queen entreated, too, that the request be granted, for she grieved exceedingly for her sister, and was very

anxious to see her well again, and plead long with her brother that one of the gods might be sent from the Land of Egypt.

Therefore the King went to the temple and stood before the great Moon-god Khonsu and prayed to him. The Moon-god had power over evil spirits, on land and on sea, and so the King prayed him to restore to health the Princess of Bekhten.

“Oh great and glorious God, powerful over all evil spirits on land and on sea, the fair princess of Bekhten, sister of our own fair Queen, is ill, and none can cure her. I pray thee to allow that one of thy images be taken to Bekhten that she may be healed.”

As the King ceased his prayer, the god nodded twice in approval, and endowed one of his images with healing power, allowing it to be taken on the long journey.

Far more magnificent than it had been before was the return journey to Bekhten. A greater company of priests, soldiers, and servants were sent to show due honor to the god Khonsu who accompanied them.

After many months they reached Bekhten, and the whole army, even the Lord of Bekhten himself with all his nobles and chiefs, were drawn up outside the



THE MOON-GOD, KHONSU

18th Dynasty
Cairo, Museum

city to do honor to the god. Without delay the image of the god Khonsu was taken into the presence of the Princess. Then the priests of the Temple and all her attendants left the room. Two or three hours later they returned, and there was the Princess sleeping peacefully, a smile upon her lips, and a faint color in her cheeks, restored to health once more. Great, then, was the rejoicing for they knew that the evil spirit had departed from her.

“Since this god is so powerful,” said the Lord of Bekhten, rather greedily to his counselors, “let us keep him here to aid us against our enemies, instead of sending him back to Egypt.”

Then all the chief officers of state held a long discussion: some were in favor of the plan, but others opposed it.

“You have received a great favor from our Lord, the King of Egypt,” said one of them, “and wouldst thou rob him of the image of the god he has so graciously sent us, and so bring down upon us the wrath of the god himself and of the mighty king of Egypt?”

But the King of Bekhten persisted, and the image which Khonsu had sent stayed there in the land of the Hittites for three years, four months, and five days. But one morning the priests found his shrine empty.

Great then was the alarm, and messengers were sent north, east, south, and west to find the statue. Some told how, early in the morning, just as the sun rose, they had seen a golden hawk fly from the top of the temple, spread out its gleaming wings, and fly away southward.

“It was the great god Khonsu,” cried the priests,—“who would take his messenger back to his own temple in Thebes!”

Then the ruler of Bekhten, Khetasar, called before him the priests who had accompanied the god when he came from Egypt, and sent them back to Thebes with many offerings for the god: gold, silver, and precious stones, and great riches for the priests and nobles who had come in the train of the god.

When they arrived at Thebes, they found that the image of the god had returned to its old abode in the temple, and all the treasures were laid before him. But the god knew that his recent power was but a gift from the great Khonsu, the Moon-god himself, so he caused the offerings to be removed to his shrine.

Then very happily lived the King of Egypt and the fair Queen, his wife, and more loyal than ever were the tribes of Asia for they were glad to serve a king who would show such kindness to his subjects.



ABU SIMBEL

Great Temple showing Statues of Rameses II

LITTLE PEOPLE FROM TANAGRA

The Greeks were the most famous people the world has ever known. From them all other nations have learned many lessons.

They lived in a wonderful country, bordered by the sea, in the southern part of Europe. The air was clear and inspiring, and the sea very beautiful. Around the coasts, which were rocky and broken by pebbly beaches and little craggy peninsulas, surged the deep blue waters, crested with foam and sometimes filled with dolphins having a fine time at their play. Above was the dazzling bright sky, and the brilliant sunlight shining over all.

Everyone in Greece was brought up to love beauty of color, of line, of form and of thought. Their most famous temple was the Parthenon, on the hill of the Acropolis in the city of Athens. It was decorated inside and outside with beautiful sculptures by the great sculptor Phidias, who lived in the Fifth Century B. C.

The Greeks especially loved beauty of form: and many splendid festivals and games were celebrated, such as the Olympic Games at Olympia, where foot races, chariot races and wrestling matches were held. The victors were given every honor and crowned with wreaths of wild olive leaves. Everyone admired them: poets wrote verses in their honor, and great sculptors made statues of them in marble and bronze, to be set up in the public places. For the Greeks thought the human body the most wonderful thing in the world; and the statues their artists

made of the gods and goddesses and athletes were marvelous indeed. So the Greeks taught their children to keep their bodies beautiful, as well as their thoughts; and to be kind and courteous to one another, true to their friends, their country and their gods.

ONE spring day, over 2000 years ago, in Tanagra, a town of Bœotia in Greece, a little girl whose name was Penelope was standing before the door of her home, gazing admiringly at an olive-branch which was hung on the door post. My! It was a day of days! It was a grand *festival* day, and the whole house, with its court and various rooms, was being decorated. Every once in a while messengers dressed in long white linen robes called "chitons" came from relatives and friends bringing all sorts of beautiful gifts. For did not that olive-branch tell the story that several days ago there had been born a baby boy to the great delight of mother and father and all good friends!

"Oh mother!" later cried Penelope, excitedly, as she stood beside her waiting for the guests to arrive, "doesn't little Lysanias" (for the baby had been named Lysanias after his paternal grandfather, his father's father) "doesn't little Lysanias look queer all wrapped up so much?"

Little Lysanias did look queer, it is true, for he was carefully wrapped from head to foot in soft woolen bandages, with just his little face peeping out, and was lying in a little shoe-shaped basket-like cradle suspended from ropes like a hammock, and thus made to



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

MODEL OF THE PARTHENON, ATHENS

rock. But the baby boy did not look queer to the proud and happy mother, who gazed at him smilingly, and again examined proudly the gifts which relatives and friends had sent: there were necklaces and little charms made of gold and silver in the shape of a little

sword, a pair of hands, and a pig—to protect him against evil, if hung round his neck; for the people thought, many years ago, that little new babies were especially exposed to the influence of evil magic.

Soon all the relatives and friends of the family appeared, and congratulated the mother and father on the little new boy. Penelope was allowed to sit quietly on a stool and watch what the older people did. She saw the nurse take the baby, wrapped tightly in the soft woolen bands, and run several times around the hearth, followed merrily by the rest of the family. She asked her mother what it meant, and was told that little brother was being placed under the care of the family gods. Then father told all the people that the little fellow's name was Lysanias, after his paternal grandfather.

After this everyone took his place at the banquet, and even little Penelope was allowed to be present as a special treat, although she was given very little to eat compared with the rest of the people; just a little bread, some toasted cheese, and radishes with oil. But the others had a grand banquet, with dainty dishes such as thrushes, pigeons, and cuttle fish, fruit, honey, and sweetmeats. There was music and dancing, and everyone was having a gay good time when nurse came to take Penelope to bed.

The years went on, and Penelope and little Lysanias had gay times together. They were especially fond of a little two-wheeled cart in which Lysanias would sit while his sister drew him about; or else they harnessed to the cart two dogs, and both had a ride. Penelope, of course, had her dolls, which were made of wax or clay and brightly colored, and little earthen dishes to play with. Lysanias cared more for tops and whips, and loved to roll along his iron hoop to which bells were attached. He had a sword and a shield, and a kite which he loved to fly.

Then when they got tired of these games, they would get into the swing and go as high as they could, or else they played hide and seek, or ball in much the same manner as we do to-day; and just as we like stories, they did too, and were especially fond of stories of the Greek heroes, and of Æsop's fables.

But when Lysanias was seven years of age, his father said:

“It is time for our son to be sent to school.”

Then Penelope felt very sad, for she must remain at home and learn what her mother could teach her: she would learn to read and write, to dance, and to play on musical instruments. But most important was it that she should be taught how to weave, spin, em-

broider, and cook, so that she would make a good wife. Penelope longed to go to school with her brother and



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

GIRL DANCING

From a Terracotta of the 3rd Century, B. C.

begged him to tell her all about it each night when he returned home.

“It is splendid!” he would say, “we boys sit on benches while the master has a seat in front, and there is a beautiful statue of Apollo near the master’s seat. When we want ink the master gives it to us and I am learning to write on a little wax tablet; now I scratch the letters with a pointed ‘stylus’ made out of ivory, but soon I shall write on paper with ink.

To-day we read from Homer, and learned a *long* passage by heart. Soon I shall learn to play the lyre and the harp. And oh! Penelope—father says I am to go to the wrestling school and learn to run and to jump. I’m going to learn how to throw the spear

and the discus too; and to ride and do military exercises! "I almost forgot, Penelope," and here Lysanias chuckled to himself, "to tell you what happened in school to-day. Suddenly the master heard a whisper from one corner of the room, and he cried out in a very deep voice, 'Antiphon! I have heard you. Come forward!' So Antiphon had to go forward and take his flogging!"

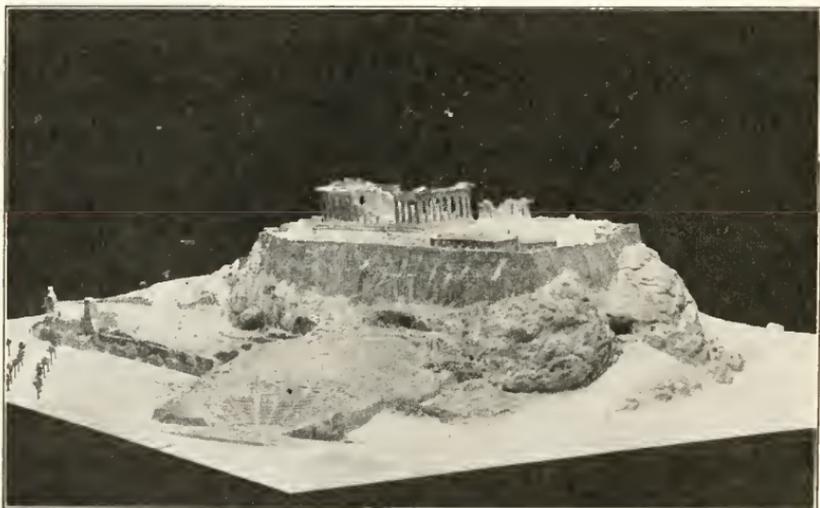
"Was poor Antiphon hurt?" asked the gentle Penelope, wide eyed, and surprised at her brother's lack of sympathy.

"Oh, that was nothing," said Lysanias loftily. "I shall whisper one day and have the same thing happen to me, and I shan't care! But, Penelope, what I want to tell you most is what the master read to us in school to-day; all about Achilles who fought so bravely before Troy, and about Ulysses who was so brave and wise and who had a beautiful wife *Penelope*—just like your name, sister—waiting for him at home!"

"These stories of our Greek heroes will teach you to protect your comrades, and to fight bravely at the call of duty and honor," said the children's father, who had just entered the room and heard part of their conversation. "You will begin your lessons in the wrestling

school to-morrow, my son, and remember that I wish you to learn to be self-controlled, modest, a true friend, and to be able to appreciate all that is fine and beautiful."

"Yes, father," replied Lysanias, respectfully, for he



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

MODEL OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS

Showing in foreground the Theatre of Dionysius

had been taught to show all respect and honor to his parents.

So the years went on—Penelope being taught at home with her mother, and listening eagerly to her brother's account of his life at school, until he had

reached the age of eighteen years. He had now become a youth, or "ephebus"—the time for him to take his oath as a citizen, and have his name entered on the list of citizens, and receive a warrior's shield and spear.

Penelope was quite a young lady now, and already betrothed to be married to the son of one of her father's friends. She was very proud of her brother Lysanias, who was well-formed and beautiful, and who had always been especially kind to her and told her, just as he always used to do, of the many things he did which she could not. Now drew near the time when Lysanias, with other young men or "ephebi," were to be presented publicly to the people in the theatre of Dionysius at the great festival just after the performance of a tragedy.

Mother and father were very proud that their son was grown such a fine young man, and Penelope was prouder than ever of her brother. She had embroidered herself a new saffron-colored dress, and she had a sunshade which a slave carried for her when she went out. Over her hair, which was plaited round the back of her head, she wore a many-colored kerchief or cap. Mother wore a richly embroidered dress, too, and father's wide cloak was newly woven. For were they

not going to the city of Athens to the Festival of Dionysius?

They found the city in high festival joy: all the booths in the market place were busy and noisy, for strangers had come from all parts of Greece to trade. "To the theatre!" were the words on every lip. There were magistrates in their purple robes of office, priests and religious dignitaries in their white robes, and ladies carefully veiled, but very eager and excited, so seldom did they get out. In fact all classes of people—rich and poor—were on their way to the theatre. Some arrived at early dawn, so anxious were they for seats.

The great open theatre of Dionysius was built upon the southern slope of the Acropolis, the hill in Athens on the summit of which were so many of her famous and beautiful temples.

"How tremendous it is!" exclaimed Penelope excitedly, as they drew near the great semicircular theatre, for it was the first time she had ever seen it.

"It seats fifteen thousand," said her father, "and it is only in recent times that we have been favored with stone seats. I have sat many a time on the wooden benches which we had until the good orator Lycurgus erected the stone seats."

When they had placed their brightly colored cushions

on their seats, which were in the lower rows among the seats of honor because of Lysanias, who was to be presented to the people, Penelope wished she had four eyes instead of two, so anxious was she to see everything on this first visit to the theatre. In front was a circular space of ground, called the orchestra or dancing place, where the chorus danced and sang: in the centre was an altar to Dionysius, and a statue of the god which the ephebi had brought to the theatre for the great festival season, and there was a beautiful marble chair, richly decorated, for the priest of Dionysius, and the ephebi were seated together quite near to the seats of honor. Behind the orchestra was a kind of tent or booth, where the actors changed their costumes, and the side nearest the audience showed a very simple scene, the front of a temple or palace. Above was the deep blue sky, and behind the red rock of the Acropolis.

Penelope had never seen so many people together before: everyone was expectant. Hush! There appeared a herald, saying, "Lead on your chorus," and the Feast of Dionysius had begun, and fifty men and boys sang hymns to the gods, and danced. Then came the play with only three actors, so each had to take different parts, and each wore a queer tragic mask. Different feelings were represented by the masks, so

when an important change took place in any one person, the actor had to change his mask behind the scenes!

There were loud shouts of approval and hand clapping as the play went on. Penelope wasn't so much interested in the play as she was in the splendid singing and dancing of the chorus, but what interested her most of all was the time when her brother, Lysanias, should appear before that great audience.

"Isn't it most time, father?" she would whisper every once in a while. At last came the time when the ephebi appeared in the open space before the orchestra. Each had his hair cut short, and was dressed in a cloak, called a "chlamys," signifying his coming of age.

Penelope wanted to jump up and shout to the people around her, "That is my brother!" as she looked at Lysanias standing there so tall, so straight, and so manly. She glanced at mother and father and noticed that mother's eyes were wet and knew that she was thinking that she had lost her boy; father looked very proud and happy indeed. Hark! what was that? It was the voice of Lysanias, and he was saying in clear ringing tones:

"I swear never to disgrace my arms, never to forsake my comrade in the rank; I swear to fight for the holy temples and the common welfare, alone or with others.

I swear to leave my country not in a worse, but in a better state than I found it; to obey the magistrates and the laws, and defend them against attack; I swear to hold in honor the religion of my country."

When each one of the epebi had so promised, he was given a warrior's shield and spear.

Great was the enthusiasm of the people! Mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, applauded, and shouted the names of the youths, and the chorus sang songs in their honor.

It was late before they reached home that night, yet late though it was they held a little home festival in honor of Lysanias who was no longer an epebus, but a citizen.

"I am to serve on garrison duty at one of the frontier forts, father!" announced Lysanias joyfully, as they sat at the family feast.

Penelope and her mother looked rather sad at the thought that he was to leave home, and father too, but rising, he took his son who was a boy no longer, by the hand, and said:

"Keep thy body and thy mind clean and beautiful, my son; be true to thy friends and remember thy oath to be loyal to thy country and its laws."

THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS

I have told you a story of the Greek people and now I will tell you one about the Romans who were a busy and practical people, often engaged in warfare. The Greek people thought most about the Individual, while the Romans cared most for the State. The Emperor was held to be the father of the State while the Vestal Virgins guarded the hearth of the State and kept the sacred fires alight in the temples and near the palace. In later years the Emperor was not only supreme ruler of the State during his lifetime but was worshiped after his death.

Just as the Roman people themselves were a practical and unimaginative people, so is their art. Their love of power, their pride and their ambition is felt in their architecture,—in the splendor of the Forum, the baths, amphitheatres, triumphal arches and columns which they built. In sculpture as well as in architecture, Roman art served the State: there were portrait busts of the Emperors and other distinguished men, and historical reliefs, for the State was eager that great names and deeds should be commemorated in order that they might lead to greater efforts. So the Roman portrait-busts and historical reliefs are very real, human, and “storytelling” in character, in contrast to the impersonal and idealistic art of the great period of the Greeks who always held the ideal of beauty before them.

The story I am going to tell you now has to do with that

city of Rome, built upon the seven hills so long ago, and is about a great Roman emperor who had a very long name, Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, emperor in Rome from 79 to 81 A. D.



JERUSALEM

View of the City from the Bethlehem Road

IT was the year 70, the 7th day of September, in the province of Judæa in the East, that the Holy City of Jerusalem was being besieged by the Roman army. This province had long been in a state of discontent against the Roman governors who oppressed them, and at last Rome had sent over a soldier of great renown, Vespasian, commander of the army in Syria,

who had fought in many wars. Like the true Roman that he was, he waged the war with energy and thoroughness, within two years subduing every stronghold in Judæa except Jerusalem: then he was called back to Rome which was in a very unsettled condition, and elected emperor. His son Titus, a young man familiar with military life, having served as a military tribune in Britain, and Germany, and under his father in the war in Judæa, was left to finish the war by capturing the far-famed city of Jerusalem; and on that day, the 7th of September, the Roman army was encamped under the strong rock walls of the city which stood high upon two hills above.

The camp-fires were burning brightly and their glow revealed the sleeping figures of soldiers on the ground, for it was late, and most of the warriors were getting what little rest they could before the next call to arms.

A tall young man, broad shouldered and straight, clad in his armor which gleamed with the reflected fire-light, his plumed helmet and shining breastplate, stood near one of the fires leaning upon his shield, and lost in thought. "Our commander, Titus, would speak to thee within his tent, Olinthus of Pompeii," suddenly spoke a voice close beside him. Quickly Olinthus ad-

justed his shield and followed the messenger to the tent of Titus, commander of the army and son of Vespasian then emperor at Rome.

The young Titus, handsome and strong, his face and neck bronzed by many exposures to the wind, sun, and storm, was striding up and down before his camp, planning the next day's attack. He was fond of the Pompeian youth, Olinthus, who had grown up with him in his father's service, and who was now made his standard bearer, and his troubled eyes brightened as they looked upon him.

"My Olinthus," he said beckoning the Pompeian to seat himself beside him close to the camp-fire, "to-morrow with the aid of my loyal soldiers and the favor of the Roman gods, we must take the city! Many days have we fought and now all belongs to us save the Temple enclosure on Mount Moriah, and to-morrow, that too, must be ours!"

"There is great suffering within the city gates, oh my commander," said Olinthus soberly, for he was sick at heart of all the bloodshed, the famine and the plague which had broken out among the Jews. "By Mars! the people had done better to accept thy oft-repeated terms of pardon and save their lives!"

"Never will they yield, oh Olinthus," answered Titus

sadly, "and my heart bleeds that we must to-morrow make an assault on Mount Moriah and take it by force. But remember, Olinthus, friend and comrade for many years, we must try to save the Holy Temple with its wonderful treasures,—and so instruct thy soldiers."

On the next morning the camp was astir at dawn, and the assault on the last defenses of the Holy City began. "On to victory, my warriors!" cried Titus with flashing eyes, as he waved his spear, and ordered the Romans to bring up their engines of war and battering-rams. "But a little more and the city will be ours!" encouraged Olinthus, the standard-bearer, leading the men forward.

Little by little the walls were battered down, darts and other weapons were thrown into the city, and great stones flung from the engines. Finally, when a breach was made in the walls, the Roman soldiers rushed in, swords and spears in hand. "This great temple is magnificent and must be saved!" cried Titus as the full glory of it came to his eyes. The gates on every side were covered with gold and silver or brass, and the temple itself with massive plates of gold of great splendor and brilliancy, so that it looked at a distance like a "mountain of snow fretted with golden pinnacles." "The glory of it forceth me to turn away

my eyes," muttered Olinthus as he pushed forward; and as the rays of the rising sun on that early morning fell full upon the temple, the soldiers were all forced to look away.

Fiercely fought the Jews to defend their cherished temple but famine had weakened many of them, and they could not resist the close oncoming lines of the Roman legions and the steady discipline of all the soldiers, each one of whom was devoted to their commander, Titus, and fired with the enthusiasm of battle.

"Now with the help of Mars, our great god of war, we will enter the temple!" cried Titus as they forced their way within, and entered amid great tumult, battle-cries, the clashing of swords and spears, and the shedding of blood. Back, back to the sanctuary itself, the Roman soldiers pressed the defenders. Then, for a moment, hushed was all the din, the clamor, and the fierce battle cries, for before them they saw the golden and glittering ornaments, among them the brilliant golden candlestick with its seven branches signifying the seven planets, which had been carried by the Children of Israel through the Wilderness. A moment only was there silence, then the soldiers, frantic with the fight and eager for the golden trophies awaiting them, filled the Temple with their shouts

and battle-cries, mingled with the despairing groans of the Jews who saw that their Holy Place was doomed.

“By Pollux, but one of the gilded windows is on fire!” cried Titus sharply, as he saw the flames suddenly flare upward. “Did I not give orders that the temple should be saved? Save ye this Holy Place and all its treasures, my warriors,” he shouted frantically, striving to make his voice heard above the uproar of the soldiers and the roaring of the flames while Olinthus, his faithful standard-bearer, sought to follow out his master’s will and make his voice heard. But the voices of Titus and Olinthus were drowned in the tumult, their gestures and signals not understood, and the work of destruction went on. “Olinthus, Olinthus!” called Titus at last through the flames and the smoke which were already filling the Temple, “help me to save the wonderful seven-branched candlestick, since the flames are now beyond all quenching!” Shoving, pushing, and fighting their way through the frantic soldiers, who did not recognize their commander and his standard-bearer in the dense smoke, Titus and Olinthus finally reached the altar in the sanctuary, and dragged the great golden candlestick from the flames to a place of safety, and they were none too soon for it was not long before the sanctuary and the whole Temple were ablaze, and thus

perished the great Temple for ages the pride of the Jewish people, and thus was captured by the Romans, Jerusalem, which holy city later fell under Turkish rule, but which is now under British control.

“Well and bravely have you fought,” said Titus to his soldiers later, and I commend you for it, admire and love you all, and rewards and honors shall I bestow on those of you who have fought most bravely.” “Titus! Titus! Imperator!” cried the Roman soldiers joyously, full of loyalty to their beloved commander.

Meanwhile, Vespasian had been made emperor with great honors at Rome, and it was not many months before the victorious Titus returned to Rome and triumphed with his father. A day was appointed for a great triumphal procession.

“Hail to the Emperor Vespasian and to the conqueror Titus!” cried the people, as Vespasian and Titus appeared crowned with laurel and clothed in royal purple. The senate and all the principal magistrates were awaiting their arrival, and they were led to ivory chairs, and loud were the expressions of joy on the part of the soldiers and all the Roman people. Then came the great triumphal procession, with many of the captives from Jerusalem, pageants representing various episodes in the war, ships, and spoils, and

finally, just in front of the Emperor and Titus who rode on magnificent horses, the books of the law and a golden table from the Temple of Jerusalem: on that table was the seven-branched candlestick rescued from the flames by Titus and his standard-bearer, Olinthus.

The procession stopped at the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, where sacrifices were held, and after that many feasts were prepared, and there was great rejoicing on the part of the Roman citizens, who, with their wives and children lined the roadside to see the great procession, and to hail Vespasian and Titus as their benefactors; throughout the whole city were garlands of flowers and sweet perfumes.

“To thee, in memory of thy victories, is to be erected a great triumphal arch, oh Titus,” said Olinthus the standard-bearer, a few days later, for in peace as in war, the two were close friends.

Day by day Titus watched the great marble arch grow in the Forum, the pride of all the people. It took many years to finish it, and Titus never saw its completion, for there was much work on it: there were reliefs of Titus riding in his triumphal chariot, crowned with laurel by the Goddess of Victory, and of the Roman soldiers carrying the booty, and the great golden candlestick.

Titus remained at Rome helping his father in the government until 79 A. D. when he succeeded him as Emperor: and just as his father Vespasian had done before him, so Titus tried to make his people happy, to rule wisely and well, and to finish the good works his father had begun. Vespasian had been a great builder, trying to improve the city, and Titus finished the buildings he had commenced: one of those was the great open-air theatre, called the Colosseum, with seats for more than eighty thousand. It was dedicated in 80 A. D. and in honor of its completion gladiatorial combats were held, sea-fights, and all sorts of pageants: and a great chariot race, as well, in the Circus Maximus between the Aventine and Palatine hills.

On the great day, even before dawn, the streets were thronged, so anxious were the people to get seats in the amphitheatre. Olinthus, on his way to the Emperor whom he was to accompany to the great spectacles, saw them hurrying along with their cushions stuffed with rushes, to place upon the marble seats. In the Forum were many announcements of the gladiatorial contests. It was a day of festivities but the face of Olinthus was sad. "Just a year ago at this time," he thought to himself, "I was hastening to the amphitheatre in Pompeii, glad to be home and eager

to greet my friends. What a hot and sultry day it was, and there was something oppressive in the air



ROME: TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF TITUS

And West End of Colosseum

which made me tremble—I knew not why. Never shall I forget the moment in the theatre during a combat of the gladiators when the air became so heavy and oppressive that I could scarcely breathe: and the lions,

how they whined and moaned in their cages! Then, as I looked toward our great mountain Vesuvius, I beheld that awful vapor shooting from its summit in the form of a pine tree with branches of dull red fire! There came the shrieks of women, that great shaking of the earth, and the trembling of the walls of the theatre,—and in the distance the crash of falling roofs! Darkness, then, and ashes mingled with burning stones rained down.” Even the memory of that dread day caused Olinthus to clench his hands and his face grew pale. As he kept on his way to the palace the memories persisted. “Ye Gods! The flight from the theatre with my sister! I feared I could never save her, as the hot ashes fell upon us, and darker and larger grew the cloud over us, and hotter the shower of ashes. Praises be to Mercury who led our tottering steps to the sea! In darkness we put forth on the red waves, and were guided into safety. ’Tis not possible to forget one hour of that dread time,” sighed Olinthus again as he passed the guards at the entrance to the broad hall, or atrium of the Palace, where Titus was waiting.

“I was living again,” said Olinthus, after their cordial greetings had been exchanged, “those terrible days of a year ago. Had it not been for thee, oh beloved

Titus, emperor and friend, the people of my Pompeii would all have perished. Thou it was who came to our aid and great is thy name among us."

"Olinthus," said Titus, as he took his friend by the hand, "too often dost thou let thy mind dwell upon that awful time. Come now! Smile, and be festive, and attend me to the games and the races!"

The great marble encrusted Colosseum in which the Emperor Titus, his beloved friend Olinthus, and his surrounding guard took their seats of honor in the lowest row near the arena, or stage, stood on eighty mighty arches. Around the Emperor and his followers were the highest magistrates and the Vestal Virgins. The arena was strewn with white sand, and at will, might be changed into a great lake covered with large vessels; all around were seated the Roman citizens arrayed in white togas in honor of the Emperor and the festive occasion, and overhead was stretched a huge awning of bright colors, while out of the arena fragrant fountains threw to a great height jets of water to cool the air, and rich music sounded.

Tier upon tier rose the seats in the great theatre, most of the spectators being Roman citizens in their white togas, with here and there the bright colors of visitors from distant lands, and the gay robes of the

imperial ladies: while in the upper tiers were the other women in festive array.

First came, with loud flourishes of trumpets, the parade of gladiators in full uniform, and next some mock fights to music to make the combatants and the audience more eager for the real fights. Very slowly they moved around the arena to the great admiration of all.

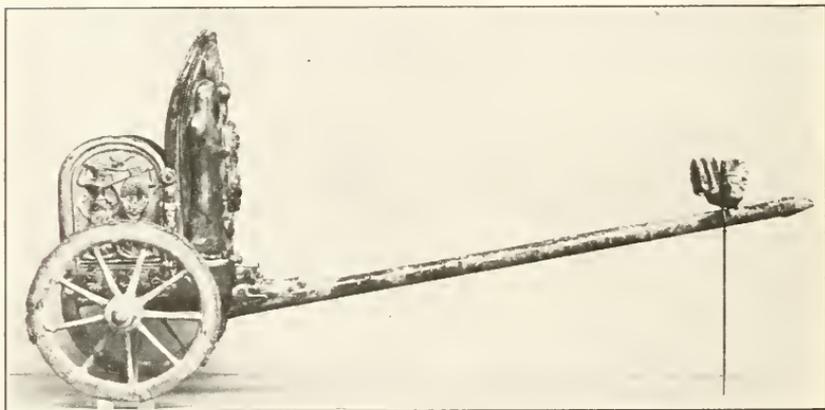
“There comes the gladiator Diomed, who is matched against the well-known Clodius,” announced one of the Prætorian guard. “How well they are matched!”

Diomed was armed with a three-pronged spear, like a trident, and with a net, while Clodius was armed with a round shield and a drawn sword.

“How fierce they look!” murmured Olinthus, and fierce indeed did they appear as they stood for some little time watching each other closely.

“Behold, Clodius advances!” announced one of the soldiers, as the gladiator cautiously stepped forward holding his sword pointed towards his antagonist. Diomed retreated as his adversary came forward, gathering up his net with his right hand, and never taking his eyes from Clodius: then suddenly he threw himself forward and cast his net, but Clodius’ sword was too quick for him, forcing him to sink upon his

knee. Great excitement held the audience to see what would happen next. Clodius, thinking his foe would be unable to rise, advanced too near, for Diomed suddenly jumped to his feet, struck his opponent with the spear, and caught him in his net.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

OLD ROMAN CHARIOT

Sixth Century, B. C.

“Diomed, Diomed!” cried the delighted multitude, and as Clodius lowered his arms in sign of defeat, all eyes were turned toward the Emperor Titus, for with him remained the decision as to whether he should live or die. Titus quickly lifted his thumbs and all the spectators waved their handkerchiefs in approval of the sparing of the gladiator’s life, for he was one of their favorites.

Once more the audience resettled themselves in their seats and a cooling shower of perfumed water refreshed them. After several other combats came contests between men and beasts.

“My Titus,” whispered Olinthus, “if it please thee let us leave and visit the races at the Circus: the roar of the lions recalls too vividly a year ago and its memories. There are many more of these contests tomorrow and the succeeding days; thou art not ill-pleased at leaving now, my master?”

With ready understanding and sympathy, Titus nodded his consent, and just as the animals were loosed from their cages, while the attention of all the audience was fixed upon the arena, they stole out followed by the faithful guard.

They reached the Circus in time to see the race between Marcus the Roman and Simon the Jew, brought over from Jerusalem. Should he win, he was promised his freedom; should he be defeated, he became the slave of the Roman. The umpire was just dropping a white handkerchief as a signal that the race should begin. The ropes dropped, and from the open gates the chariots stormed into the course, raising clouds of dust. Marcus, as he sped along, was distinguished by a white ribbon, and Simon by a red.

“Watch Simon the Jew,” cried Olinthus excitedly, “nay, but I hope he wins, for it means freedom to him, and he has suffered much.” Simon stood bending forward, the better to urge his horses onward. His arms were bare, and on his head he wore the customary helmet-cap covering forehead and cheek, and in his



A RACE IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS

By A. von Wagner

clenched hand he held a whip. From the thousands of spectators came the buzz of expectation and suspense as the four-horsed chariots thundered by.

“By Mercury! He does win!” cried Titus, as excited as the rest, when at the seventh round, Simon’s chariot passed the chalk line in advance of the Roman’s. At first murmurs of discontent came from the spectators, for the sympathy of the majority had been

with Marcus, one of their own city. But the noble manner of the victor, and the generous example set by the Emperor upon whom all eyes had turned and who warmly gave his approval, won the people, and Simon received a thunderous applause.

Titus did not live to see the completion of his plans for his people, for he was Emperor only two years, but in every way he pleased them, and was one of their best rulers, called the "Delight of Mankind." During his reign he showed a true desire for the happiness of his people and when they were in sorrow and suffering he did all that he could to help them, and one day at dinner, remembering that all that day he had helped no one, he said, "Friends, I have lost a day."

JOAN, MAID OF ORLÉANS, THE FRENCH MAID WHO SAVED HER COUNTRY

The country of France in the fifteenth century was in a very troubled condition. The land was divided between two parties, the Burgundians and the Armagnacs. The Burgundians had made friends with the English who under King Henry V had conquered a great part of France. Henry V was dead, but his little son, Henry VI, had been crowned King of France, and his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, held Paris and many other towns in the north of France for him. The real king of France, Charles VII, had not yet been crowned, and many people still called him the Dauphin, the name by which the eldest son of the King of France used to be called. He was young, of a very indolent disposition, and without the knowledge or the courage to meet the difficulties and problems which surrounded him. France had become but the shadow of a great name, and "The King of France sleeps!" was heard on every side. Yet there was a maiden in France at that time who without fear or wavering took up the task to which she felt she was called, and carried it straight through in spite of hardships and tortures: and this maiden who did have the courage and the inspiration which King Charles lacked, was Joan of Arc.

THERE is a little village of Lorraine, in France, called Domrémy, in a beautiful valley, the "valley of colors," where blue-bells, flowers of rose, pink, yellow, and blue brightened the green of the valley. In this little valley, in 1412, was born

Joan of Arc. Her mother and father were honest laborers, and little Joan was brought up with her brothers and sister in a small cottage so close to the church that its garden reached the graveyard. The children slept in two little rooms at the back, Joan's on the side toward the church, where the eaves sloped low. Everyone in the village loved Joan, and said she was the best girl there. Although she was often "different" from the other children, yet she was strong and healthy and very child-like in appearance, with clear eyes of a wonderful blue.

Often, after she had helped her mother with the house-keeping, the cooking, the scouring, and the spinning, and had led the cows to pasture, she would take a little following of children to their favorite playing-ground beneath a group of trees on the outskirts of the village. There, close to a little brook that sang and bubbled over the ground, Joan would tell them fairy stories such as they had never heard before, until it seemed to them they could almost see the little fairy-folk dancing on the green grass beside them: and Joan's eyes grew as deep a blue as the bits of sky which they could see through the interlacing branches.

One day, soon after Joan was nine, a troop of English and Burgundian soldiers invaded Domrémy, leaving

destruction behind in the little village in which she lived. With her little face white, her small hands clenched, and her great blue eyes wide and dark, Joan stood very still while her home was being plundered. She did not cry as most children would have done, but said in a strange voice, "Soon we shall avenge this!"

Her mother and father were frightened, and thought she must be ill and upset by what she had seen, and gave her dainties to eat and tried to make her forget what she had witnessed and begged her to be their "good little girl again."

She was a good little girl, tending the sheep, feeding the wild wood-doves and caring for the garden flowers. Very fond was she of a climbing white rose vine, which reached almost to the gables of the little house. It was so very beautiful,—the grayish-green leaves edged with the same shade of red as its thorns, and the delicate white blossoms. It seemed to have messages for the little girl, as did her fairy-folk.

But she never forgot the day the soldiers invaded her little village, and from that time seemed less a child, and often had a far-away look in her eyes, as if she were seeing and hearing things which others could not. It was in July, when Joan was nearly fourteen, and quite a big girl for her age, that one day, the anniversary

day of the English-Burgundian invasion, she was in the garden spinning, facing her white roses, and thinking,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC

By Bastien Lepage

thinking of France and her dangers, as she so often did now. Very simply was she dressed in her heavy peasant costume, her soft brown hair brushed loosely from her

face and gathered in a knot behind. It was all so very beautiful there: the soft green foliage of the trees gave the most refreshing shade, and through the little spaces among the leaves could be seen the soft blue of the sky, and the sunlight filtered through and danced upon the cool green grass below. The little cottage caught and reflected the soft radiance of the sun, and the red poppies nodded brightly on the thatched roof.

All at once there came to Joan the sound of the noonday bell from the little church near by, and a great light shone upon her, and standing, she rested one hand on the branch of a tree, and listened expectantly. On and on chimed the bell until it became a murmur of music floating on the air, and in the soft radiance which filled and glorified the little garden, she saw an image of the archangel Michael clad in armor, so it seemed to her, and indistinctly through the shrubbery, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, with shining crowns upon their heads, though their forms were vague and incomplete. On and on chimed the bell, and through its music she heard the message that she was to go to the help of the Dauphin, Charles VII, a king without an army, money, or energy, who was even then meditating giving up his kingdom, his privileges and his duties, while his country was falling into the hands of the English.

Joan trembled, and said, "I am only a poor little peasant girl."

"God will help thee," answered the archangel.

Then the little maid knelt on the cool green grass of the garden, and her whole soul was in her eyes. Long she knelt there, praying for help, and strength, and to be worthy of the great work expected of her.

We all know how Joan heard and obeyed the message that came to her that day, in spite of objections on every hand.

"Art thou mad?" her angry father cried, understanding and helping her not at all. "Let me hear no more of this foolish talk, but stay thou at home quietly and help me with the sheep and the doves, and thy mother with the spinning and the churning!"

At last Joan left her little home, and went to her uncle, begging him to help her. He was finally persuaded, and the simple peasant people believed in her, giving their pennies to buy her a horse and suit of armor. In the escort of a squire, Jean de Metz, she set out to find the Dauphin. At the head of her little company she rode, smiling bravely, and waving her hand in greeting to the village folk, who had gathered to see her go. The little boys ran along by her horse and waved their hats and cheered. "God keep thee!"

cried all the peasant people, and the women wept as they saw her go.

The feeble court of Charles VII had received word of the coming of the French maid, and was undecided as to her reception. But news of the English came from



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

COSTUME LADIES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, FRENCH

Orléans so disquieting that it was decided that this last chance of saving the country could not be neglected. One evening, by the light of fifty torches, Joan was led into the great hall of the castle, crowded with the nobles of the court. Beautiful indeed were the colors of all the different robes, and simple Joan had never

seen such wonderful ladies, so splendidly dressed. But they did not look upon her with sympathy as had the kindly peasant women, but so coldly and proudly, as they stood there in their beautiful gowns of velvet, orange and red, and their elaborate head-dresses jeweled and veiled, which were the very height of fashion at the court, and which seemed to tower over the little maid, who had never seen them before, and to bewilder her.

Joan had never seen the king, who that night wore a costume far less splendid than those of his courtiers, to see whether the maid, if sent by God as she claimed to be, could single him out. Straight to him she went, and knelt before him.

“God give you a happy life, gentle Dauphin,” she said. “The King of Heaven sends word to you by me that you shall be anointed and crowned,” and she demanded troops, promising to raise the siege of Orléans by the English, and to conduct the king to Rheims.

After several weeks during which poor little Joan was asked many, many questions by men who pretended to be very wise, but who were only seeking to entrap her, a little army was provided her. In the lead she rode, clad in her suit of armor, her tight fitting helmet over her head, with her hands raised in the attitude of

prayer. Her banner waved, and upon it she had embroidered the image of God and the names "Jesus, Mary."

The night Joan entered Orléans, the people gathered to meet her. By torch-light she passed through the city, and the crowd of people was so great she could scarcely make her way. Wild was the cheering, and

men, women, and children crowded around her, just to be near her and touch her horse or her armor; as the old chronicle says, showing "as great joy as if they had seen God descend among them."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

HELMET OF JOAN
OF ARC

The inspired girl put new confidence and courage into the hearts of the soldiers, and in 1429, the siege of Orléans by the English was raised in four days. But as Joan, rejoicing over her success, was returning to the city across the field of battle, her tender heart was moved with pity at the sight of the dead and wounded, and covering her eyes with her hand, she bowed her head, and wept.

Finally, after continued victories over the English, Charles VII entered the town of Rheims at the head of his troops, to be crowned in the cathedral. The



RHEIMS: CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

West side

ceremony of coronation was most magnificent. The Great Cathedral was filled to its doors. Gorgeous



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

FIFTEENTH CENTURY BURGUNDIAN TAPESTRY

colors streamed from the windows; the floor looked like a bed of brightly colored flowers, swayed by a breeze, as lords and ladies in velvet and cloth of gold, satin and silver, and men-at-arms in shining armor,

moved to and fro. At the foot of the high altar stood the Dauphin surrounded by all the bishops and archbishops in their wonderful robes of gold and orange. The courtiers stood by in their embroidered robes of state, and the heralds raised their trumpets and announced the king's coming, while the noble ladies gathered together on the right of the altar, dressed in their most resplendent gowns, each wearing a gorgeous head-dress, and watched the ceremony. At the king's side stood the maid of France, in her armor, bearing in one hand her standard.

When Charles VII, in his beautiful blue velvet robe decorated with the golden lilies of France and trimmed with ermine, knelt to receive the crown and the holy anointing from the archbishop, Joan threw herself at his feet, "clasping his knees and weeping hot tears."

"Oh gentle Sire," she said, "now is accomplished the pleasure of God, who willed that I should bring you to your city of Rheims to receive the holy anointing which shows that you are truly king, and that to you must belong the Kingdom of France."

"And all those who saw her," runs the old chronicle, "believed that she was sent from God."

Nothing was so touching as the devotion of the common people to Joan. All the peasant people loved her,

and crowded around her to kiss her hands or her garments: and they brought their children to her, that she might bless them, and she dearly loved the little boys and girls. Her pity and love were ready for all, but her special tenderness was for the children.

Finally the indolence of the king, and the jealousy of his courtiers, caused the French to retreat, and no longer was Joan honored by all, but was blamed, and the army was disbanded.

It was by the same king whom she had crowned and by the people whom she had saved, that in 1430, she was deserted, betrayed to her enemies, and after cruel tortures, burned at the stake at Rouen, in 1431.

Patriotism and courage enabled the little peasant girl to lead Charles VII to be crowned at Rheims. The statue of Joan of Arc which we have here in New York at 93rd Street, is the image not only of the Maid of Orléans, but of love, patriotism, courage, and inspiration for all times.

BAYARD THE BRAVE OR, THE KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

The brave knight Bayard served three kings, Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I, and fought in Italy, Spain, and France. "King" stood for country in those days, and in following his king on whatever campaign it might be, Bayard believed he was doing his whole duty.

This good Bayard, the brave knight without fear and without reproach, a real knight who really lived and fought, and strove to be generous and gallant and good,—is like another knight we read about, who met by the table round, Sir Galahad, who lives for us in story.

Bayard was born about the time when Columbus was planning to take his westward voyage, and what we want to remember is that he was noble and generous, brave and courageous, and loyal and true to his God, his king, and his country.

ONE night, about five hundred years ago, in a great palace in Chambéry, France, a feast was being served in the banquet hall. The beautiful Duchess Blanche, of Savoy, to whom the palace belonged, had invited many guests, among them Bayard, the brave knight of great renown, who had been her page when a boy in training for knighthood.

The great hall was richly decorated, and hung with

tapestries, hunting trophies, and banners. The tables were laden with every delicacy and the serving done by boys, or pages, who, in turn, expected to become squires or attendants on knights and afterwards, to hear the magic words said to them: "In the name of

God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight: be brave, loyal, and ready."



FRANCIS I ON HORSEBACK

By Clouet
Florence, Uffizi

Lords and ladies, wonderfully dressed in brocades, velvets, and jewels, making the hall look alight with color, were present, and as the guests talked among themselves, in one corner of the hall a traveling minstrel was playing on his harp, and a

gayly dressed jester, with his master's favorite dog at his heels, ran dancing in and out among the guests, cutting merry capers, and calling forth many a laugh.

On the good knight's right sat the Lady of Frussasco,

richly dressed in a vivid red velvet gown, her dark hair encircled with a band of gold.

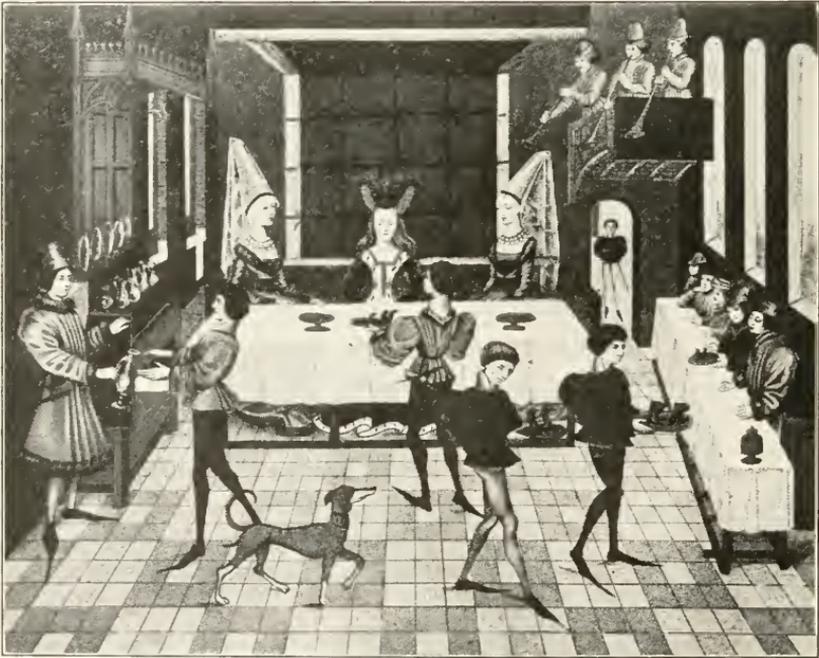
“Sir de Bayard, my friend,” said the lady, “this is the great house in which thou wert first brought up; dost remember those days, when thou wert a small page and I a little maid of honor?”

“I remember well the hawking party on which I told thee that I was coming back, as a knight, to claim thee in marriage,” answered Bayard, smiling, “and now I return to find thee wed to another!”

“But I am thy good friend, still,” she returned. “Thy gallant deeds for King Charles have I followed and thy marvelous feats of skill in tournaments. How hast thou accomplished it all, friend Pierre,—if so I may still call thee?”

A far away look came into the knight’s blue eyes, and he said: “Whatever little thou art so good to say I have achieved, belongs really to my Lady Mother. That morning long ago, when I as a boy, sat on horse-back ready to ride away to enter the household of the Duke of Savoy, my mother spoke these parting words: ‘Pierre, my son, I ask of thee three things, which, if thou shalt do, thou shalt live victoriously in this world. First, and above all, fear and serve God; seek His help night and morning and He will help thee. The second

is that thou shalt be kind and courteous to all, being thyself free from all pride. Be humble and helpful, avoiding envy, flattery, and tale-bearing. Be loyal in



BANQUET SCENE

From an Old Manuscript

word and deed, that all men may have perfect trust in thee. The third is that thou mayst be charitable to the poor, and freely generous to all men.' These words have I remembered and tried to obey."

“Thou speakest well, friend,” replied the lady, “and I know right well how proud thy mother is of thee, and so are we all. And now since thou art once more in this great house in which thou served as a page and wert treated so kindly by the Duchess of Savoy and the noble Duke, would it not be well for thee to distinguish thyself here as thou hast so nobly done elsewhere?”

Then made answer the Good Knight: “Lady, thou knowest that from my boyhood I have always loved and honored thee: tell me therefore, what thou wouldst have me do to give pleasure to my good mistress, the Duchess Blanche, to thee more than all, and to the rest of these worthy guests?”

“It seems to me, my lord of Bayard,” returned the lady of Frussasco, “that thou mightest arrange a tournament for the honor of the Duchess of Savoy. There are in the neighborhood many French gentlemen who would most willingly join thee.”

“It shall be done as thou dost wish,” replied the Good Knight, “I pray of thee that thou will give me one of the under-sleeves from thy dress, that I may wear it on my helmet.”

Right gladly did the lady of Frussasco comply with his request, and early in the morning the good knight

Bayard sent a trumpeter around to all the towns of the neighborhood to make known to the gentlemen that in four days would be held a tournament, and that a prize, the sleeve of his lady, from whence hung a ruby of great value, would be given to him who should be victorious in three encounters with the lance, without a barrier, and twelve turns with the sword.

The Duchess Blanche was much pleased that the tournament was to be held, and caused her pavilion to be erected on the field, and many were the preparations made and the event was looked forward to with great eagerness. The square field on which the knights were to fight, was surrounded by richly painted posts, and at one side a balcony was erected and gayly decorated with tapestries, bright brocades, embroidered banners, and shields, where the Duchess of Savoy, the Lady of Frussasco, and the honored guests were to sit and watch the encounters.

The trumpeter brought back the names of fifteen knights who had agreed to take up the challenge. So on the appointed day, about an hour after noon, when all the guests were assembled in the gorgeous balcony which had been erected, the cry was sounded, "Remember of what race you come and do nothing contrary to your honor!" Then gay trumpet blasts an-

nounced the arrival of the combatants who came on horseback: they wore suits of polished armor inlaid with gold and silver, which shone in the sunlight as they rode forward. Often colored silken scarfs, richly embroidered, were thrown across their shoulders, and on their heads shining helmets with flowing plumes waving in the breeze. They rode up close to the balconies to salute the guests before the contest began: and there was great excitement among the ladies as the knights sat on horseback ready to begin. "Bayard, the brave!" cried the Lady of Frussasco, while the other ladies called the names of their knights and waved their banners. "Pierre, Henri, Bayard! Spur, Bayard, Spur!" they cried. Loud sounded the trumpet calls, and then the knights advanced, the sun shining upon their shields, their lances held before them, while the horses, quite as excited as their masters, sent clouds of dust from their hoofs as they thundered across the field.

The good knight, clad in his suit of glittering armor, his blue eyes gleaming with excitement, began first, and against him rode the lord of Rovastre, a strong and skilful knight who gave a gallant thrust with his lance, but Bayard returned it with such a blow that he disarmed him and caused his lance to break into five or

six pieces. Right bravely did the lord of Rovastre tilt with his second lance, but the knight Bayard struck him on the visor and carried off his plume of feathers,



TOURNAMENT

From an Old Manuscript
15th Century

although he kept his horse. Then came other knights for the contest with swords, and they fought right gallantly and greatly pleased the assembled guests. Finally Bayard gave his opponent a blow which caused

him to waver and fall on his knees. "Bayard!" cried the eager crowd. "He wins! He wins!" And the judges cried, "Holla! Holla! That is enough! Now you may retire!"

It was late when the contests were over, and the gracious Duchess invited all the knights who had taken part in the tournament to a banquet in the great hall. After the feast, before the minstrels began to play in the gallery for the dancing to begin, there came the time of the awarding of the prize. The trumpet was sounded to command silence, and then it was that the judges asked all those assembled,—the lords, ladies, and contestants themselves, to whom in their opinion, the prize should be awarded. It was decided that it belonged to Bayard, the good and valiant knight, who by right of arms had won the contest, and thus it was announced:

"My lords who are here assembled, we would have you know that after due inquiry of the witnesses and brave gentlemen who were present and saw the contests, and of the noble ladies here assembled, we have found that although each one has well and honestly performed his duty, yet the common voice is that the good knight Bayard has gained the prize."

When it was presented to him he made reply, stand-

ing so straight and tall in his shining armor, and looking so proud and valiant:



THE PRIZE OF THE TOURNAMENT

From a 16th Century French Tapestry
Paris, Musée des Arts Décoratifs

“My lords, I do not know why this honor should come to me, for I think that others have deserved it more than I. If, however, I have done anything well,

the fair lady of Frussasco was the cause since she it was who loaned me her sleeve, and I proclaim that it is her place to give the prize as she chooses."

Then the lord of Frussasco, who well knew the noble character of the Good Knight, approached his wife, and said to her, "Lady, the lord of Bayard, to whom was awarded the prize of the Tournament, says that you have gained it by means of your sleeve which you gave him. I therefore bring it to you to dispose of."

The lady, knowing well the laws of honest chivalry, thanked the Good Knight, Bayard, for the honor shown her, saying, "As Sir Bayard has shown me this courtesy, I will keep the sleeve all my life for love of him: as for the ruby, I advise that it be given M. de Mondragon, for he is considered to have done next best."

Then came dancing and music in the great hall of the castle lasting far into the night: and the brightly colored gowns trimmed with jewels and crowned with fair faces, mingled with the knights in their armor reflecting the torch-light. All too soon came the morrow when the Good Knight Bayard bade farewell to the lady who had been his first love when he was a page and she a little waiting-maid, and they parted in the warm friendship which lasted all their lives.

While the French army—secure in their dominion of

Italy—was thus allowing its young warriors to join in tournaments and games, the fugitive Duke of Milan, Ludovico, was watching and waiting for an opportunity to return. There were friends in Milan who kept him well informed of all that happened, and went around influencing in his behalf the people of Milan who had long since grown tired of the French rule. Ludovico raised troops, also, in Switzerland, and the Emperor helped him with men and money. At last they took by surprise the French army encamped in the city and drove them out: Ludovico was welcomed back to Milan, and entered the city in triumph, clad in rich crimson damask, and followed by many attendants.

Great was the dismay of Louis XII when he heard of this, but he lost no time, collected a large army, and sent it out to reconquer the garrison of Milan, and among the warriors who went, was Bayard the Brave.

One day Bayard heard that in a little town nearby, there were about three hundred good horses which might be taken and, with forty or fifty companions, started out on the enterprise. Spies had heard of this, and laid a trap for the French soldiers, by having a strong troop placed in ambush on the road. Although completely taken by surprise, the Good Bayard cried, "France! France!" and led his army to the attack

so fiercely that they drove back the troop to the very gates of Milan. Just then one of Bayard's soldiers realized the enemy's plan, and shouted, "Turn, men-at-arms, turn!" All heard in time save Bayard who was thinking only of his foes, and did not realize that he had been left alone, so on he went straight into his enemy's city, and up to the very palace of the Lord Ludovico, where he was taken prisoner, and disarmed.

Great was the surprise of Ludovico, Duke of Milan, to find the redoubtable Bayard so young a warrior, and asked what brought him into his city.

"By my faith, my lord," answered the Good Knight, "I did not think I was coming in alone, but believed my companions were following me; however, they understood war better than I did, otherwise they would have been prisoners as I am!"

"Of what size is the French army?" asked Ludovico. "As far as I know, my lord," replied Bayard, "there must be fourteen or fifteen thousand men-at-arms and sixteen or eighteen thousand men on foot; but they are all picked men, quite determined to win back the State of Milan for the King, our master. And it seems to me, my lord, that you would be much safer in Germany than you are here, for your men are not fit to fight us."

At that, Ludovico smilingly replied that he would like to see the two armies face to face.

“And so indeed should I, my lord, if I were not a prisoner,” quickly replied Bayard.

“I will at once set you free,” said Ludovico, Duke of Milan, who greatly admired Bayard’s fearlessness, “and make it up to the captain who took you prisoner. Tell me, if you desire anything else, that I may give it to you.”

The Good Knight Bayard bent his knee in thanks for this generous offer, and replied: “My lord, I ask nothing else save that of your courtesy you will be good enough to return to me my horse and the arms which I brought into this town; and if you will send me thus to my garrison, which is twenty miles from here, you will render me a great service, for which I shall be grateful all my life; and saving my honor and the service of my king, I would do anything you command in return.”

“On my faith!” exclaimed the Lord Ludovico, “you shall have what you ask for at once!”

When the Good Knight Bayard was fully armed, he sprang on his horse without touching the stirrup and asked for his lance with the little flag waving at the top.

Then, raising his visor, he said to the Duke: “My lord, I thank you for the great courtesy you have shown

me. May God repay you!" Thereupon he spurred his horse and rode gallantly away, giving a small exhibition of his skill with the lance to the great amazement of the bystanders and the astonishment of the Lord Ludovico, who remarked, "If all the French men-at-arms were like this one I should have a poor chance."

There are many stories about the brave Bayard who served three kings in many battles. We remember how Francis I, after a great battle against Milan, asked Bayard to knight him upon the field of battle, saying, "Thou art indeed the most worthy knight of all,"—showing that the knight without fear and without reproach was above the majesty of kings.

The good knight's fame was so great that the most powerful kings were eager to welcome him into their service. Dauntless and brave, yet he treated with courtesy and gentleness all those in his power,—ever protecting women and children. And above all, he was bright and hopeful and filled with the love of his chosen work, from the time when as a little boy he chose to become a knight, until the hour when he fell in the service of his king.

KING LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS

(See Frontispiece)

It seems queer to us when we think that Shakespeare never saw his writings illustrated with pictures nor his plays presented in a theatre made more real by scenery, such as we are accustomed to enjoy. Evidently the people of the Elizabethan age had an imagination superior to that we have nowadays!

Just for a moment let us picture the Elizabethan theatre: it was a humble wooden building, partly thatched and partly open, and the performances took place generally in the afternoon, at three o'clock, the idlest time of the day, and often on Sundays, also. There were little rooms or boxes for the wealthier patrons in the galleries and on the platform, but the rest of the people—those in the "pit"—stood or sat on the ground. Not all the theatres were open at the same time, there being summer and winter theatres, and the roofs of the summer theatres extended only over the stage, the passages and the boxes, the area of the "pit" being exposed to the weather. The winter houses were completely covered, thus making the performances take place by candlelight.

Upon a "first-night" the prices were doubled, and all were eager to see the first production of a new piece. The "box-spectators" often had seats of honor upon the stage, others in the two galleries, while some had stools on the wide platform-stage! Those in the body of the house had to stand, and entertained themselves with nuts, apples, bottled ale and pipes. A band announced that the opening of the play was

near, and flourishes of trumpets that it was begun. The scenes within each act were played without pause, and the trumpets sounded between acts. Only one dramatic piece was played, but variety was obtained in the feats of dancers, tumblers, conjurors, and music between the acts.

At the beginning of the play, the "Prologue" appeared, dressed in a long black velvet cloak, humble and subservient in demeanor, symbolizing the submission of the managers and actors to the public will.

The bare boards of the stage were used to represent whatever the play demanded,—the throne-room in a palace, a battlefield, a mountain, a ship at sea, a forest or a church; and the imagination of the audience never failed them. The costumes of the actors did not fit the period of the play, but were those of the day, just as the great painters of Italy dressed the characters of Bible stories in costumes of their time.

Trap-doors were used for the entrance of ghosts and fairies, and at the back of the stage was a raised platform or balcony from which hung loose curtains through which the actors passed to the front of the stage. There was no scenery,—except such "properties" as rocks, tombs, caves, tables, chairs, and pasteboard dishes of food; and above all, the characters of women in the plays were all taken by men or boys!



Courtesy of the Metropolitan
Museum of Art

STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE
By J. Q. A. Ward

Shakespeare, very early in his career, attracted the notice of Elizabeth's court, and in December, 1594, Elizabeth first summoned him to the palace at Greenwich to play before her. There is an interesting story about Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth. Once



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

By Lucas de Heere

when Shakespeare was playing the part of a king in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, she dropped her glove near him while walking across the stage to take her place of honor there. The actor took no notice of her in any way, and the Queen, wishing to know whether he did not see her or whether he was determined to preserve the consistency of his part, moved near him again, and once more dropped her glove. Thereupon Shakespeare picked it up, saying in the character of the monarch he was representing:—

*“And though now bent on this high Embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove.”*

He then picked up the glove and presented it to his Queen who was much pleased.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that you were living in England in Shakespeare's time. You would be brought up very strictly, would have to rise early, dress carefully, and wait upon

your parents. When you went to school you would have to get there at six o'clock and stay until nine when you would have a short intermission for breakfast: think of it,—school before breakfast! Then you would go back to school until eleven o'clock. In the afternoon school began at one and lasted until three when there was a short recess, and then school until five-thirty! How would you like to go to such a school? Shakespeare, who grew up to be a great poet and writer of plays in the reign of the fair Queen Elizabeth had to do this; yet he had his good times playing games, and on winter evenings "grown-ups" and children gathered by the fire and told stories, for books were scarce in those days.

The story I am going to tell you now is adapted from one of Shakespeare's plays, which in turn, was derived from an old Welsh Chronicle and first performed before King James at Whitehall in 1606. Let us suppose, now, that we are in an old London theatre; you will have to use even more imagination than the people in his time, for this is merely a story adapted from Shakespeare's "King Lear," and if the wording of some of the conversation seems strange to you, remember that the scene of the story is set many years ago.

THERE was, many years ago, a great ruler in England whose name was King Lear. He was a very proud ruler and a mighty one, and had everything he could wish.

To him were born three daughters, Goneril, the eldest, then Regan, and the youngest, Cordelia. All were so wonderfully beautiful that it was hard to say which

one outshone the others, though Cordelia was perhaps the most beautiful, and was surely best loved by all.

As the years went on and the daughters grew up, more beautiful as young women than they had been as children, and King Lear grew old, and his beard white, he one day assembled his daughters and courtiers in the great hall of the palace.

At one end of the hall, on a raised platform upon a carved throne-chair was seated King Lear, clad in a long white robe, with a coronet upon his head. Near him stood his three daughters in gorgeous gowns, while Dukes, Knights and attendants were gathered, waiting to know the king's pleasure, and amused by the pranks of the king's jester clad in his queerly colored suit of reds and greens, and jangling the bells on his cap whenever he tossed his merry head. The walls were hung with beautiful tapestries and brocades and decorated with trophies of the hunt.

At length King Lear spoke:

“Tell me now, my daughters, which of you doth love us most? Tell us, that we may know where to extend our largest bounty, since soon we must give up both rule, and land, and cares of state.”

At once the eldest daughter, Goneril, who stood quite

near to her father, and was richly clothed in a black velvet cloak lined with red, inclined her haughty head



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MODEL OF THE GREAT HALL OF AN ENGLISH CASTLE, 14th Century
Penshurst Castle, Kent

with its jet black hair; and began to speak. Her proud and cold voice actually trembled with eagerness, so anxious was she to win her father's favor.

“‘Sir,’” she said, “‘I love you more than words can
wield the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty,

.

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor,

As much as child e’er loved or father found;

A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love thee!’”

“Thou speakest well, my daughter,” answered King Lear, mightily pleased with his eldest daughter’s profession of love and devotion to him, and glancing proudly at his followers. “To thee shall be given ‘shadowy forests, . . . plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads.’”

“What sayest now our second daughter, ‘our dearest Regan?’ Speak.”

“My Father,” eagerly exclaimed his daughter Regan, making him so low a bow that her rich red robe swept the floor in a mass of vivid color, and her long, heavy braids almost touched it, “My sister speaks my very words of love only she comes too short!”

Again was King Lear much pleased with this, the answer of his second daughter, Regan. Bending his stately head in a most gracious manner, he said, “My daughter, ‘To thee and thine’ heirs ‘ever

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.'" Now turn we
to our youngest, no less well-beloved. Fair Cordelia,
speak!"

The gentle Cordelia, in her robe of soft yellow-green, with a cloudy gray veil bordered with gold over her shoulders and her red-brown hair, was silent for a moment. She knew full well how selfish and greedy at heart were her sisters, and that all their words of love for their aged father were but empty and insincere. "I will not deal in empty words," said she to herself: "but will speak frankly, from my very soul. My father, the love that I have for thee is that of a child to its parent; 'nor more nor less.'"

King Lear drew himself up haughtily: what could this mean? From this, his youngest and favorite child, he had expected an avowal of love which would even surpass those of her two sisters. Now King Lear was a jealous ruler and father, and he quite failed to see that Goneril and Regan loved him with many and empty words, but that beneath Cordelia's few words was a great heart of duty, and love, and loyalty, to him.

"What!" cried he angrily. "Does our youngest daughter thus address her father? Speak again!"

Cordelia made answer gently: "Good my lord, from childhood hast thou brought me up and loved and cherished me: I now return these duties and love and honor you."

Then was King Lear very angry and his dark eyes flashed, and his right hand shook as he raised it and said:

"'Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,'

Here I disclaim all my paternal care, and as a stranger hold thee from this hour and not as my beloved daughter! And yet I loved her most: but away with thee—out of my sight! Unto thy sisters do I bestow my lands and rule and all my vast estate, well trusting in their just devotion to cherish me with love in my old age."

Thus the old King, trusting the empty words of his two flattering daughters, banished his youngest daughter who truly loved him, but forebore to put it in meaningless words, thinking to show it in loving deeds.

Murmurs of surprise and subdued indignation were heard among the King's followers, for all dearly loved the gentle Cordelia, and knew the falseness of her two sisters, but none dared oppose the king. Her two selfish sisters, Goneril and Regan, exchanged triumphant

glances, for they had long wished to be rid of their younger sister of whom they were jealous, and rejoiced in her disgrace. Cordelia met their triumphant glances quietly, but her cheeks lost their color and her eyes grew dim, for never before had her father of whom she was so fond, spoken to her in this way.

“Bring hither the King of France and Duke of Burgundy!” then cried King Lear in his most kingly manner, and when the two lords were brought before him, he said,

“‘My Lord of Burgundy,

We first address . . . you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter:’ What is the
least

You will require as dower with her,
‘Or cease your quest of love?’”

The Duke of Burgundy, bowing low before the old King, said confidently, “Most royal majesty,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

COSTUME, LADY
of the Time of Queen Elizabeth

I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less."

King Lear made answer, much to the Duke's surprise,
"Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:

.
Will you 'take her

'Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,

Dower'd' only 'with our curse. . . .

Take her or leave her!"

Thereupon the Duke of Burgundy, who had thought to receive a generous dower, with vast estates, should he wed the fair Cordelia, hastily and apologetically replied, stammering a bit in his eagerness to free himself from what was to him a most embarrassing position:—

"Pardon me, royal sir;

I fear I must refuse on such conditions,"—and bowing hastily but profusely, hurried from the great hall, followed by his many attendants.

Whereupon King Lear turned to the King of France, who stood straight and tall, clad in his gorgeous green mantle lined with red, and wearing a golden crown, and said:

“From you, great King, I would not such a sacrifice demand, holding you in too high esteem. I therefore beseech you to turn your love towards a more worthy maiden than one who is afraid to measure her love for her father, and to express it in fitting words.”

But the King of France, of noble countenance and kindly manner, made answer:

“This is most strange, O King, for up till now she was dear beloved by you, the object of your praise. It is wondrous strange, that in so short a time she should have so offended as to lose at once your favor.”

At the kindness in his tones Cordelia spoke, turning beseechingly to her father.

“I yet beseech your majesty to tell the King of France that my crime which has deprived me of your favor, is but the lack of vain and empty words, backed not by deeds.”

Then eagerly stepped forward the King of France.

“Is it but this?” he cried.

“Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon
To make thee Queen of our fair France.
Weep not, Cordelia, though unkind they are.
Bid them farewell and seek with me far happier
times.”

In vain the gentle Cordelia sought to win one kind word from her father, but quite relentlessly he cried,

“‘Take her then, oh King of France: no longer is she daughter of mine, nor do I care to see her face again. Therefore, begone, undowered, unloved, unblessed.’ Take her and leave me to my daughters who have so well expressed their love and devotion for their old father!”

Now it was King Lear’s plan to give up his cares of state in his old age, and divide his time between his two daughters who had professed such love for him. They had married and were living in splendor on the magnificent estates given them by him in return for their flattering words.

He visited first the court of Goneril, his eldest daughter, who soon grew tired of him and his attendants, and treated him in a cruel and unjust manner, not even permitting him to keep his attendants and men-at-arms, as befitting a King: for at length she sent most of his men away, allowing her father to receive what poor service he might from her attendants who had received orders not to be too eager in his service.

Then did King Lear know that his daughter Goneril did not truly love him, but had wished only to obtain his wealth. His eyes blazed and he called forth in a loud voice, filled with anger, “No longer will I stay to

be thus insulted by my daughter who loved me only for what she might from me obtain! I'll hasten to my Regan, who will not treat her father so, but will welcome him, and minister to his wants. Away, Away!"

Then hastened King Lear to his second daughter, Regan, who had protested that her love for her father was even greater than her sister's. But the wicked Goneril had sent word to Regan that she, too, must stand firm in this cruel treatment of their old father, and what is more, followed him to Regan's castle to see that she did stand firm. All trusting, and remembering well her words of love, King Lear addressed his daughter Regan, sure of a welcome,

but found to his unbounded sorrow that neither Regan nor Goneril would allow his train of a hundred knights to remain, planning to make him dependent upon the poor attentions of their own misguided servants, and to



Courtesy of the Metropolitan
Museum of Art

SUIT OF ARMOR

Worn by Sir James Seudamore,
a gentleman Usher in the
Court of Queen Elizabeth

dishonor him, a King and their father, in every way. Then did King Lear, overcome with grief and anger, go forth into the night in the midst of rain and wind. Far he wandered over hills and valleys, in forests and woods, during storms and calm, followed by a few faithful attendants. In his anguish and despair he lost his reason, and finally traveled into France, where his youngest daughter lived.

No sooner did the gentle Cordelia hear of her father's distress than she at once sent a train of noble peers to conduct him to her court, and quite forgetting that her father had banished her and had listened to the empty words of her sisters professing much love, knelt before him to comfort him, and said:

“ ‘O look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.’

Full cruelly hast thou suffered at the hands of my wicked sisters, but now it is for thy Cordelia to show what she meant by love and duty to her father.”

And thereupon all things were done for his comfort and honor, and even her husband, the generous King of France, at once sent forth his knights-at-arms to avenge the wrongs of the poor old King, and to punish his two wicked daughters who had so cruelly treated their father, but who were still living on his estates.

LITTLE FEDERIGO GONZAGA

There was a time in Europe when people began to think that because the pictured gods were not real, that it was wicked to make beautiful pictures or carve beautiful statues, and the few they did make were stiff and ugly. The men and women were not like real men and women, and the animals and trees were queer, and the sky of gold instead of blue as it really is. Then came a time called the "Renaissance," a word which means "being born again," or an "awakening" when men began to draw real pictures of real things and to fill the world with images of beauty. I am going to tell you now about a little boy who lived in Italy at that time and who had his picture painted by one of the Renaissance artists.

ONCE more tell me, Lady Mother, how it was that my noble father was captured and taken prisoner while he was so bravely fighting," one day in the sixteenth century, over four hundred years ago, begged little Federigo Gonzaga of his mother, the famous Isabella d'Este, who was such a good friend to all the writers and artists who lived at that time.

The mother and her little boy were seated in a big, sunny room in the castle at Mantua. The wooden ceiling was splendidly carved, and the walls were

adorned with beautiful hangings which told many stories in their woven pictures and served little Federigo as a big picture-book. The shutters were flung back from the high windows, and the sunshine streamed in, lighting up the beautiful woven stuffs, the heavy and richly carved furniture, and the musical instruments,—lutes of inlaid ivory and ebony, of which Isabella was so fond. In one corner of the room were great frames for embroidery at which were several ladies working; and through the open windows could be heard the noise from the armory where men-at-arms were busy making the rows of harnesses shine brightly, and polishing the suits of armor: the clamor from the stable courtyard where horses were being saddled, and the baying of the dogs full of excitement for the coming hunt.

“Must I tell you again, my little son?” asked his Mother, smiling sadly. “Your father and my lord, the Marquis of Mantua, was in charge of the imperial forces and the Milanese, when he was surprised and taken prisoner by the Venetian soldiers. He was just about to take a company of horse to join the imperial artillery in the siege of Padua, when one night a Venetian troop secretly surrounded the farmhouse where he was sleeping. Your brave father escaped through a back door



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

LITTLE FEDERIGO GONZAGA

By Francia

but was found by four peasants hiding in a field, and taken prisoner and sent to Venice. The greedy soldiers robbed your father's camp, too, with all his silver plate and gorgeous hangings, his rich furniture and splendid suits of armor, together with some of the finest horses in the world. I have placed my trust in the Pope, my Federigo, and I pray that His Holiness may use his influence in the cause of your father, which cause is yours and mine as well, little son."

"Is my dear father unhappy, Mother?" anxiously asked the little boy, leaning against her knee and peering up into her face.

"He is often weary and tedious of his strict confinement, and were it not for his favorite tenor and lute-player whom I have sent him, would spend many long and lonesome hours."

"But, Mother," began the little boy, "but, Mother, could not we—"

At that moment, two pages clad in blue velvet and cloth of silver, adorned with gold cords, drew away the heavy hangings from the marble doorway, and brought a message which caused the soft rose color to leave the Lady Isabella's cheeks, and the tears to come to her eyes. For King Louis and the Emperor had asked Lady Isabella, who had made them costly presents in

the hope of getting them to intercede for her husband, to place her little son Federigo as a hostage in their hands, before they acted in her behalf.

The little boy, wondering what it all might mean, was led swiftly from the room, and Isabella sent an indignant answer to the Imperia Court.

““As to the demand for our dearest first-born son Federigo, besides being a cruel and a most inhuman thing for anyone who knows the meaning of a mother’s love, there are many causes which render it difficult and impossible. Although we are quite sure that his person would be well cared for and protected by His Majesty, how could we wish him to run the risk of this long and difficult journey, putting aside the child’s tender and delicate age? And you must know what comfort and solace, in his father’s present unhappy condition, we find in the presence of this dear son, the hope and joy of all our people and subjects. To deprive us of him would be to deprive us of life and of all we count good and precious. If you take Federigo away you might as well take away our life and state at once: so you may frankly reply, once for all, that we will suffer any loss rather than part from our son, and this you may take to be our deliberate and unchanging resolution.’”

Once more, troubled and sorrow-stricken by this demand, Isabella d'Este turned to the Pope for help. But when at length he desired the Venetians to release Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, husband of



ISABELLA D'ESTE

By Leonardo da Vinci

From a drawing in the Louvre

Isabella, and father of the little Federigo, the Venetians absolutely refused to do this without receiving a pledge in return. So the poor lady, torn between her love for her husband and her child, felt that she must part with her boy for awhile, in order to bring about his father's release; and so she agreed to send him to Rome to remain in charge of the Pope as hostage for his father's good conduct.

"My little boy must be brave," said Isabella, the day of his departure, looking at him fondly as he stood before her in his little suit of black velvet, with his fair curls in order, and his velvet cap in his hand, smiling at his mother quite bravely, although the long journey among strangers caused his heart to beat much

faster. His mother had told him that he was going to save his father and that he must be a brave soldier like him; and so he threw back his shoulders, and smiled into her anxious face.

“Take you this bracelet, my son, to keep you from harm on your long journey,” she said, clasping about his wrist a precious relic in the shape of a bracelet containing the Gospel of St. John. “You must not neglect your practice in reading at which you are very backward, nor again your singing and riding and training for knighthood, for it is your father’s wish and mine that you grow up into a knight brave and honorable. You will have every chance of learning in Rome, and can enjoy yourself and at the same time study, which is far more important for a prince than for other little boys. I shall request that you visit daily the Colosseum and the Forum where you may learn of the art of ancient Rome, and that you shall study the art treasures in the museums at Rome. You must also write me daily letters, and above all, always remember your manners, and that you are the son of the noble Marquis of Mantua.”

So, with tears and many embraces, the little ten-year-old Federigo took leave of his Lady Mother, and rode bravely off toward Rome on his richly harnessed

steed, attended by his escort of men-at-arms in glittering armor, with the banners of his father's house flying in the breeze, and followed by his servants. Close on to the horse's heels jumped the little prince's favorite dogs, and on his wrist was fastened his pet falcon.

In Bologna he spent a few days in the company of his father who had gone there to join the Pope. There was in the city at that time a famous goldsmith-painter, Francia, and Isabella, anxious to have her little son's portrait as a consolation in his absence, sent a swift messenger to a good friend there, begging him engage the famous painter to paint Federigo's portrait during his short stay.

So little Federigo Gonzaga was taken to the studio of the well-known artist. He felt a little bit afraid at first as he found himself in a strange, long, low room, with windows barred like those of a prison, and an exceedingly heavy door. On shelves against the walls were cloth-wrapped boxes in which were copper and silver work, clasps and pendants of gold, some inlaid with jewels, and on the walls were designs, and drawings and sketches from life. In one corner was a huge iron chest in which Francia and his assistants kept their most valuable jewels, a table near one of the windows was covered with modeling instruments, and

there were many easels with half finished canvases. And what do you suppose? In one corner hung a



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A SUIT OF ARMOR. Italian, 16th Century

skeleton which the artist studied to learn how the bones and muscles in the human body are placed. Poor little

Federigo, brave though he was, could not suppress a shudder when he saw this—and was almost tempted to run away—but he knew that no Gonzaga would do that: so he sat very still on the chair where the kindly painter had placed him. Very straight he sat, in his simple suit of black velvet over a white frilled chemi-sette, a beautiful pearl necklace around his neck, and his black velvet cap decorated with a red ribband fastened with a gold medallion, perched jauntily over his fair curls. In one hand he held a dagger which only that day his father had presented to him, bidding him grow into a brave soldier. He was not afraid of skeletons with that sharp dagger in his hand, not he! Besides, he kept thinking how glad his mother would be to see him again, even if it were only a picture!

“Make it look just like me, so that my Lady Mother will be truly pleased,” he begged. The artist smiled and promised that he would do so, and he painted the little boy’s portrait very truthfully and tenderly, and added a graceful landscape for background, and heightened the lights in the foliage with gold.

The picture reached Mantua safely on the tenth of August, in 1510, and the delighted mother wrote saying that it would be impossible to have a better likeness, and expressed her wonder that so perfect a portrait

could have been made in so short a time. But since the boy's hair was too light, she sent the picture back to Francia to correct, which he did.

The boy's father was so delighted with the portrait that he insisted on showing it to the Pope and the Cardinals, and finally allowed it to be taken to Rome.

Little Federigo was soon escorted to the great city where, by the Pope's orders, he and his attendants were lodged in the Belvedere which was connected with the Vatican where dwelt the Pope and from which he could see the towers and palaces of the city. Off a spacious court, planted with orange groves and adorned with fountains and ancient statues, the little prince was lodged in one of the finest rooms of the palace.

"He spends all day walking about these halls, and in the garden of orange trees and umbrella pines," wrote



PORTRAIT OF POPE JULIUS II

By Raphael
Florence, Pitti

one of Lady Isabella's friends in Rome. "But he does not neglect his singing, for we often hear his clear voice raised in song; nor his reading, ever wishing to surprise his mother with the advance he has made in learning."

Daily the handsome lad, clad in white and gold brocade, with a cap of purple velvet on his fair curls, rode on his richly harnessed horse through the streets of Rome, and was the pride and pet of the whole court.

"You have indeed a rare son," wrote one of the courtiers to Isabella, "and I think you will find more comfort in him than in any thing else in the world." And glad indeed was the Lady Isabella to have her little son with her once more after many months, and she felt that she would never let him leave her again.

Now the strangest part of all this story is that the portrait which the famous Francia painted of the little Federigo when he was on his way as a hostage to Rome, was afterward lost, and now, after more than four hundred years, has been found, and you can all see it in the Altman Collection of the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

In the early sixteenth century when King Louis XII of France died, Francis I succeeded him on the throne. Spain and Holland were both ruled by Charles V of Austria, and as he was young and clever like the kings of England and of France, there was rivalry among the three rulers. So when the Emperor of Germany died in 1519, the crown was elective and sought for by Henry VIII of England, Francis I, and Charles V of Austria. Charles, the youngest of the three, was chosen by the Electors of Germany, and the French king was angry because his rival now occupied the land all around him, and he accordingly wished to make a friend of Henry who could be of great service to him in a war against Charles. Therefore Francis invited Henry to France to meet him near Calais, where they could enter into friendly relations and games of skill. But just as soon as Henry was ready to go to France, Charles appeared in England, having heard about the plan, and wishing to be the first to win the king's alli-



HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND
By Holbein the Younger
Rome, National Gallery

ance. He came on a pretext of visiting Queen Catherine, his aunt, but really to win over his "most dear friend" Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor of England, to help him in his negotiations between Francis and Henry. The young emperor elect won the hearts of the English, and the two kings had a good visit together. Then on the last day of May in 1520, Charles sailed to Flanders and Henry from Dover for Calais to meet Francis I near there on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is a story of that time that I am going to tell you now.

EARLY in April, in 1520, one bright sunny day, a messenger spurred his great black horse and dashed into Dover, a little seaport town of England. The crimson and gold badge of Cardinal Wolsey shining in the sunlight proclaimed that he came from Hampton Court, the great Palace which the Cardinal had built, a very sumptuous one indeed. Straight up to Heathcote Hall he rode, where he dismounted, and left his horse with the groom of the stables. Then having delivered the papers containing the message to Sir Giles Stafford, Lord of the Castle, who sat on the raised platform in the great paneled hall, and was served by his page, he was given a place at the long table on the floor and refreshed with a barley loaf and a pot of ale.

When Sir Giles had finished reading the papers, he

said to the messenger, "Say to your master, the Lord Cardinal, that the commands of his Highness, the King of England, shall be obeyed," and he passed the papers to his wife, Lady Elizabeth Stafford, who sat at the table beside him.



CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PROCESSION

By Sir John Gilbert

Corporation of London

"To our trusty and well-beloved Sir Giles Stafford Knight," she read. "It is requested that thou shalt await upon the King's Highness with a following of ten able and seemly persons well and conveniently apparelled and horsed: and that the same Sir Giles Stafford shall appear, according to his degree and honor, at the camp in the marches of Calais, between Guisnes

and Ardres, in the month of June, at the time of the meeting between His Highness the King of England and the French King."

"Do we then make this journey to France, my Lord?" asked the Lady Elizabeth eagerly, already seeing herself beautifully attired, followed by her waiting-maids, and feeling in advance the admiration which she always won.

"When the King commands, his subjects obey," answered Sir Giles, smilingly. "Bernard," he said, turning to the little page who was just serving them with a steaming dish, "Prepare thyself to accompany me on this journey, together with my good Squire, Richard Brandon."

The boy's eyes lit up with pleasure for he had long wished to see the King of England, Henry VIII, of whom he had heard so much, and all the splendor of the royal court.

For six weeks the whole household at Heathcote Hall was in great excitement. The good squire Richard polished his master's armor with the help of the little page Bernard, and tried the straps and the buckles: Lady Elizabeth lost no time in getting ready her silks, her velvets and her jewels,—and in planning what her ladies should wear: for just as good an appearance did

she wish to make as any lady of the English court,—or French court for that matter! Great was the excitement throughout the town of Dover as the time drew near for the event. Lords and ladies were arriving with their attendants, all gorgeously dressed, making the little seaport town look very gay and festive indeed.

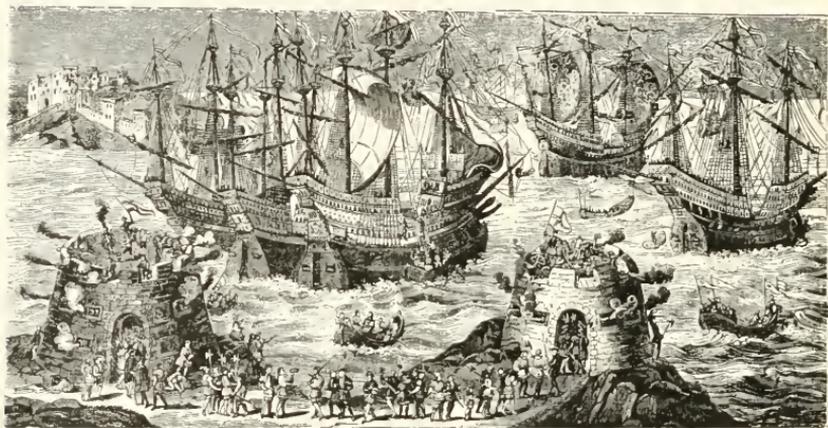
The day on which King Henry VIII, his Queen and court and over four thousand people, set sail from Dover for Calais, was clear and bright. The white chalk-cliffs glistened in the sunlight, the blue-green waves of the channel, foam crested, sparkled like thousands of shimmering jewels, as the royal transport decorated with fluttering banners on which were embroidered the Tudor dragon and the Tudor rose, sailed for the French shores. All around it were the smaller boats of the English fleet, top-heavy, castle-like vessels, bright with flags and banners, their sails painted in gay colors. And what a commotion there was as they were ready to start out! All the guns of Dover saluted as they sailed away, and there was a great cheering among the people on the shore.

Standing far upward in the bow of one of those queer old vessels with the fluttering sails, were Sir Giles Stafford, his good wife Elizabeth, several of her ladies

and attendants, the sturdy squire Richard, and the little page Bernard.

“How now, my lad,” said Sir Giles smilingly to the boy, “art ready for the gay sights of Calais?”

“’Twill be a glorious time, Sir Giles,” replied the



EMBARKATION OF HENRY VIII FROM DOVER, MAY 31, 1520

From large print published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries

lad with sparkling eyes and ready smile, “And right glad am I to be partaker of it!”

“Thou wilt have no eyes for aught save some fair damsel in the royal train,” said the Lady Elizabeth teasing him a bit, for she liked to hear him talk and they all made much of the boy who was serving in their hall hoping soon to become a squire, or attendant on a knight, as Richard Brandon, squire to the body of

his master, the valiant knight, Sir Giles Stafford; and then wishing to become a brave knight himself.

“I beg your ladyship’s pardon,” replied the little page bowing low, the red flushing his cheeks as he felt the eyes of the ladies upon him. “I wish only to attend the meeting of the two kings, and have little thought for any maidens,—save only to help them in time of need,” he added hastily, bethinking himself of his desire to become a knight who always vowed to be “loyal, ready, and brave,” and to help the fair ladies in times of distress.

“A good answer, and spoken as becometh a future knight,” broke in Sir Giles, coming to the boy’s rescue. “Let the lad alone, and look you at the bright sky and the tossing waves which the goodly ships in His Majesty’s fleet are so jauntily riding, and enjoy this grand sea air while you may, for enough of the air of crowds, and pomp and vanity will you breathe e’er you return.”

Right quickly was the journey made and soon they landed on the French shores at Calais, a town still in possession of the English, amid cheers, fluttering colors, and the salutes of guns. Such a commotion as there was in the old city! So many people had arrived that temporary huts and tents had been erected until there was scarcely room enough to walk.

The time appointed for the meeting of the kings was the seventh of June, and meanwhile the royal courts with all the knights, lords, and ladies, and many attendants went to their appointed places in Ardres and Guisnes.

“Here we are,” cried Sir Giles as they reached the place where the English were to encamp in the little town of Guisnes, just within the English possessions in France and close to Ardres, a French town nearby, which the French monarch and his court were to make their dwelling place.

“How gorgeous it all is!” cried Lady Elizabeth. “See the fairy palace prepared for His Majesty!” All looked in the direction she pointed, and saw a wonderful building indeed. It was of wood, square in shape, with oriel-windows on every side. In front of the grand entrance stood an embattled gateway with statues of warriors on each side. Over the walls was hung sail-cloth painted like squared stone, and ornamental hangings so that “every quarter of it, even the least, was a habitation fit for a prince.” Inside, through the doors, could be seen the shimmer of white silk and hangings of various colors interwoven with threads of silver and gold, embroidered silk tapestries hanging from the windows, and glimpses of richly decorated furniture.

All around this pavilion were thousands of white tents bright with colored flags, and pennons, each with a sentry standing in front, his lance gleaming in the sun. In front of the great palace was a fountain from which ran streams of spiced wine, much to the delight of many of the guests who were not at all bashful about quenching their thirst!

“Oh look, Sir Giles! They come this way!” cried Bernard the page, excitedly, calling the attention of his lord and lady and their train to a long line of gorgeous colors coming from this new and wonderful palace upon the green. There was the glitter of gold and of silver, the flash of the sun upon polished armor, the shimmer of silks and of satins, the sheen of velvets, the radiance of flashing jewels, and the flutter of waving plumes. There were lords and ladies sumptuously dressed, followed by long trains of mounted knights on richly caparisoned horses; squires, pages, priests, and yeomen,—making a long rainbow of scarlet, yellow, blue, green, silver, and gold.

At the head of the long procession, riding on a mule with rich trappings of crimson velvet, and stirrups of silver and gold, came Cardinal Wolsey himself, Lord-Chancellor of England, and director of all this splendor! Two attendants walked before him, calling, “Make way,

make way, for my Lord Cardinal!" He was a large man, about fifty years of age, of a commanding manner, as one used to rule. He was dressed in a robe of costly crimson velvet, with sables of great price upon his shoulders, and upon his head a scarlet cap with tassels. A host of servants followed close behind, all clad in scarlet: fifty gentlemen bearing maces of gold, lackeys, bishops, churchmen, and archers were in the Cardinal's train.

"He goes to the French camp to announce the arrival of 'His Majesty, our King Henry,'" said Sir Giles, "and to arrange a treaty with King Francis of France. Follow on, and see what will take place."

Accordingly, Sir Giles, his wife in her new gown of orange velvet of which she was so proud, escorted by the valiant squire Richard, a small train of servants, and the little page Bernard, followed the procession of changing colors for the two leagues separating Guisnes and Ardres, over all of which space extended the gorgeous spectacle with its glitter and color, winning the name by which it has always been known since then, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Reaching Ardres, they saw the Cardinal dismount in front of the royal tent, where he was received with much display and ceremony by the French king.

“’Twas a rare sight, was it not, Master Richard?” remarked Bernard sleepily to his squire that night as they retired to their tent, “and we are lodged right royally. Here’s to more gay sights to-morrow!”

On the morrow there followed a visit of the French to the English camp, and then came the day of the meeting of the two kings, June the seventh.

Early, Francis I left his pavilion of halls and galleries decorated with silver and gold, the roof representing the sky ablaze with stars. About the same time King Henry set out from his palace, and at the border line between the English and French possessions, the two kings followed by their royal courts, halted, facing each other.

“Our King is much the handsomer,” declared little Bernard loyally as he stood with his squire in the great crowd which had gathered to watch the ceremonies. “He is much stronger looking, too.” Francis was tall and slight while Henry was big, and heavy, though handsome of face. King Francis was dressed in a robe of the cloth of gold ornamented with rich jewels; his bonnet was of ruby velvet shining with gems, while his sleeves and mantle were bright with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. King Henry wore a robe of silver damask studded with gems and ribbed with

cloth of gold. Both were magnificent and won the admiration of all their subjects.

“King Henry of England!” cried his subjects and



HENRY VIII AT THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD
From Knight's *Old England*

“King Francis!” cried the French people as every eye was turned upon the two kings on horseback, face to face. A deep silence followed not only on the part of the two kings who remained motionless, but on the part of all the crowd. From the pavilions and tents

streamed the flags of France and of England: then came a great burst of music, blasts of trumpets and clarions, and the two kings left their courts and down either hill-slope they spurred their horses, galloped forward, and met, each with his hand to his hat in salute. Three times they embraced, then dismounted and embraced again.

“My dear brother and cousin,” said Francis, “I think verily that you esteem me as I am, and that I am not unworthy to be your aid.” To this Henry made answer: “Neither your realms nor the palaces of your power are a matter of my regard, but the steadfastness and loyal keeping of promises comprised in charters between you and me. I never saw prince with my eyes that might of my heart be more beloved; and for your love have I passed the seas into the farthest frontier of my kingdoms to see you.” With these profuse and “goodly” words of greeting, they embraced again, and walked away arm in arm towards a rich pavilion. When they came forth, all restraint was over, the kings greeted the lords and ladies of the opposite nation, and the toast, “Good friends, French and English,” was joyously repeated on both sides: there was high good fellowship, a gorgeous banquet and merry-making throughout the night.

“What talked they of in the pavilion, Master Richard?” asked Bernard as they went happily but wearily tentward that night, their minds filled with the gay pictures of the day.

“Of treaties and wars and marriages, and all the doings between kings and nations: but trust our King, my boy, not to make treaties and promises, nor pledge friendship without due thought.”

“When is the tournament to be held and will Sir Giles take part, Master Richard?” queried Bernard eagerly.

“On the fourth day from now; and it will please Sir Giles, I promise you, to match his skill against some French knight, and thou and I shall help, boy, with his armor and weapons.”

By the day appointed, all preparations for the tournament were made. It was to be held in a park between Ardres and Guisnes. On each side of the inclosed space, or lists, were galleries erected, hung with tapestries and banners, where the spectators sat: gorgeously adorned balconies were set aside for the English and French queens, brilliantly attired, their robes sprinkled with pearls. Arches marked the entrance to the lists, and English and French archers stood on guard.

Sir Giles led the Lady Elizabeth to her place in one

of the long galleries, among other English ladies royally dressed. Then he hastened away with his squire and page to take his place among the contestants.

As they traversed the lists they passed an artificial mount of green damask on which was a hawthorn tree for England and a raspberry tree for France, their stems and branches seeming to intertwine. On one was hung the shield of King Henry, and on the other that of King Francis. The leaves of the trees were made of green silk, and the fruit hanging from the branches was of silver and gold. Great were the preparations which had been made for the tournament: the armor inlaid with gold and silver flashed in the sunlight, and banners, ribbons, and plumes waved, and there was light, color, and movement everywhere.

"We will both help thee to win, Sir Giles," said Bernard, smiling up at his adored master.

"I know thou wilt help me, Bernard, and my good squire, Richard, too, and I intend to win one of the contests with the lance, if good luck be mine," replied Sir Giles confidently.

All through the lists was great excitement: knights with their attendant squires and pages were hurrying to and fro, and exchanging words of greeting with their ladies in the galleries. Then the trumpets sounded and

the challenge rang out, "Remember of what families you come and do nothing to disgrace your names!" First, King Harry of England and King Francis of France held the lists. "King Harry," as he was popularly called, showed marvelous skill in wielding the sword and the lance, but when it came to a trial of skill in a wrestling match, it was Francis, who by a clever twist of the wrestler managed to throw the burly King Harry, much to the latter's discomfiture.

Then came tournaments and jousts among lesser knights, among them a joust, or mimic duel, between Sir Giles of England and Count Pierre of France. "Sir Giles! Sir Giles!" cried Lady Elizabeth and the other English ladies in the balcony, and "Pierre of France!" called the French spectators. Then riding down the field to the "tree of nobility" each knight rang his lance upon the shield of his king, signifying his readiness to accept the challenge.

"For whom fight you, Sir Giles Stafford of England, brave knight and loyal?" asked the herald of France.

"For the honor of God, the glory of England, and the love of the French queen!" answered Sir Giles as he bent in salute to the Queen of France in her royal box, much to the delight of the French court.

“And for whom fight you, Count Pierre of France?” asked the English herald.

“For the honor of God, the glory of France, and the love of the English queen!” promptly answered Count Pierre, bowing in turn to the royal box of Queen Catharine of England.



PRELIMINARIES AND TERMINATION OF A COMBAT
From an Old Manuscript

Then came the shouts of the heralds: “St. George for England! St. Denis for France!” and the trumpets sounded for the knights to begin. With visors closed and lances ready the two knights spurred across the field with the eyes of all upon them. The sun shone upon their armor bright with gold and silver, and their

lances gleamed and sparkled. With steady aim they rushed to the shock. At the first meeting their lances struck and splintered fairly and loud applause broke from the spectators. At the second meeting the Count Pierre's horse fell back with the shock and his rider was nearly unhorsed, while his lance was broken into several pieces. "Sir Giles of England! Sir Giles of England!" cried the crowd, while the heralds proclaimed him victor.

The good squire Richard and the little page Bernard came hastening into the lists to escort their master to his tent and help him from his armor. "I *knew* thou wouldst win, Sir Giles!" cried Bernard, eagerly. "No other knight is as skillful as thou!"

All too quickly for Bernard did the days of pleasure and excitement end, and on the afternoon of Sunday, the twenty-fourth of June, 1520, the final visits of farewell were made between the French and the English. Many gifts were exchanged, horses, hunting dogs and hawks; necklaces, and costly robes, and many were the flattering words and promises made. At last, amid the salutes of guns, the waving of bright banners, and farewell greetings, the English and French courts parted.

As Sir Giles, Lady Elizabeth, Richard the squire,

and the little page Bernard sailed back to England, they talked over and over again the days of excitement and splendor of the last two weeks.

But all the display and ceremony of the great occasion, all the pledges of friendship and good will, were merely affairs of statesmanship, and the rulers were not loyal to their promises and treaties: for in a month Henry had secretly allied himself with Charles V against King Francis. Five years afterwards was fought the battle of Pavia between France and the Emperor Charles in which the French king was taken prisoner; then Henry went to his aid though he demanded liberal payment for his help.

Thus ended the great spectacle of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with its expense, gorgeous coloring, and all its magnificence, almost the last of the ceremony and chivalry that marked the time of the Middle Ages.

THE FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS

THE STORY OF A LITTLE DUTCH BOY: REMBRANDT

The Dutch people, dressed in quaint costumes, live in gay red-roofed houses, and these houses, the little canals, and bright green fields carefully marked off, make the country look like a great toy; everything is exceedingly neat and well-arranged. The little Dutch children spend much of their play time on and about the canals, and in chasing one another from one vessel to another.

You know the Dutch have patiently driven back the sea from taking their land, much of which is below the level of the sea, by surrounding it with dykes, which are huge banks, preventing the sea from entering the country. So all the surface of the country is cut up by many canals, and if you could see it from a height it would look like an enormous puzzle. The safety of the whole country depends upon these great banks which they have erected. One fine day a little boy was wandering along a road which ran beside a great dyke; he was gathering flowers to take home to his invalid mother. Suddenly he came to a spot where a fine trickle of water went through the grass. You all know the rest of the story; how the little boy put his finger in that hole in the dyke for many hours, until men came in search of him; how he saved his country and became known as the "Little Hero of Harlem."

Once upon a time in the Fifteenth Century the Netherlands belonged to the Dukes of Burgundy, and then passed into the

possession of the King of Spain. By the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, however, seven of the northern states of the Netherlands, of which Holland was the chief, became independent, while the southern portion was still governed by a Spanish prince.

So in the Seventeenth Century in Holland, especially, there was a great stir of new life. Dutch merchants and fishermen made themselves known everywhere, and there sprang up hundreds of painters in Holland. The Dutchman of the Seventeenth Century loved his house and his garden and every bit of that country of his, rescued from invasion by land and by sea. He was very proud of his independence, and he wanted every one to know of his country and his home; nothing was too humble for the artist to paint, and



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

By Himself

he told many stories of the way the people lived,—of the kinds of houses they had, both inside and outside, of their streets, their churches, their market-places, and their harbors. The artists showed the life of the Dutch children, the fun they had in skating, and in sailing in iceboats; they showed just how they dressed, and what funny wooden shoes they wore, always leaving them

outside before they entered a building. Towering above all these other artists of Holland, great and small, was one Dutchman called Rembrandt, who is one of the greatest artists the world has known, and the story which I am going to tell you now is one which I have made about this great artist when he was a little boy.

THE fifth of December, three hundred years ago, in Leyden, Holland, was a bright cold day with a stiff breeze which set the great wings on the windmills moving quickly, and made the sails on the ice-boats fill as they glided up and down the canals. As the day passed, and the winter sunset brightened the sky, you could have seen boys and girls skating pell-mell up and down the canals, hastening home, for it was the Eve of St. Nicholas, and they were all much excited and filled with joy and expectation; in less than an hour, indeed almost any time now, the Saint himself might appear in their homes.

One boy of about thirteen or fourteen sped along the canal very quickly, and only once did he fall upon the ice, but most of the time flew along as swiftly as a bird. He was dressed warmly, with heavy mittens on his hands, a long scarf around his neck with the ends flying out behind, and a tasselled cap pulled well over his ears. He was almost home, and could see his house

very plainly now, with the flapping wings on the brick mill adjoining. Rays of light were coming from the windows, and just as he reached the door it was flung open, and there stood a little girl dressed in an odd gown which reached almost to the toes of her wooden shoes. The front of her dress was covered by a stiffly starched white apron, and a little bonnet-like cap clung closely to her head.

“Oh, Rembrandt,” she cried, jumping upon him. “Hurry! we are all in the grand parlor and have had supper and two cakes apiece and you are late and—”

Here the little girl lost her breath.

“We must be quick, little Lijsbeth,” replied Rembrandt, laughing aloud, as he lifted the child out of her wooden shoes and hustled her indoors.

Mynheer van Rhyn and his good wife were there, dressed in their best, and grandmother with her little



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

TITUS, SON OF THE ARTIST

By Rembrandt

white cap and kerchief, and grandfather in the chimney-corner with his long pipe in his hand. There was a



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

INTERIOR WITH A YOUNG COUPLE

By Pieter de Hooch

roaring fire in the grate, and the very flames danced and capered as merrily as the children. The mirrors on the walls caught and reflected the candle-light, which flickered across the little panes of glass at the windows,

Besides Rembrandt and his little sister Lijsbeth, there was a room full of children, his own brothers and some cousins—who had come over for the festivities. One of them was a baby who stared and gurgled and laughed, immensely enjoying everything, and peeping out at her mother from her little bonnet. Rembrandt's mother, seeing that the mirth of the children was getting so hilarious, and the racket becoming so great that it had set grandmother's head to aching, suggested that they sing the good Saint Nicholas the same song of invitation which had brought him before.

So the children, each holding a willow basket, formed a ring, placed the wondering baby in the centre, and moved slowly around him, with their eyes roving around the room, as if expecting the Saint to appear from almost anywhere.

They sang, their voices trembling a little from excitement:

“Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Bring no rod for us to-night!
While our voices bid thee welcome,
Every heart with joy is light.

“Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Welcome to this merry band.
Happy children greet thee, welcome!
Thou art gladdening all the land.

“ ‘Fill each empty hand and basket;
’Tis thy little ones who ask it.
So we sing, so we sing:
Thou wilt bring us everything!’ ”

As they sang they glanced, half in pleasant expectation and half in dread, toward the closed door at one end of the room.

Hark! There came a loud knocking, and the boy Rembrandt ran swiftly to the door and there stood the good St. Nicholas! Not a sound was heard: not a whisper, not a murmur, and even the baby was perfectly still.

“Mynheer van Rhyn,” said St. Nicholas. “I greet thee and thy honored wife, and thy sons and daughter and thy brother’s children as well. Greetings to thee, children: Rembrandt, Adriaen, Herman, Lijsbeth, Peter, and Franz, and thy cousins, Hilda, Gretel, and Lambert. Have ye been good children since I last came? I will answer for ye. Adriaen has been ill-mannered to his father of late and wished not to do his full share of the work, and will find the birch rod in his shoe to remind him to mend his ways. Herman must remember that money is not the best thing that life holds, but that a good heart and kindness are more to be desired. Little Lijsbeth is a bit of sunshine in

the house and in the happiness that she makes for others will find her own reward. Peter, thou and Franz are over full of mischief, but thou art so kind to thy mother and ready to run her errands that I give thee credit for that. Hilda and Gretel must learn to live together in peace and not pass the days in angry words. Master Rembrandt, thou hast failed too often in thy lessons to have my pleasure; thy father, the thrifty miller of Leyden, has labored hard to send thee to school and to the University and thou shouldst put thy mind upon thy lessons and not upon making marks upon thy lesson-books and drawing pictures of thy mates, else thou wilt have the rod next year as well as thy brother Adriaen. But with the most of thee I am well content. Kindness and industry ye have practiced. My blessing upon ye, and may the New Year bring ye wisdom, and joy, and love! On the morrow shall ye find the gifts which shall show that I have been in your midst. Farewell!”

As St. Nicholas left, there came a great shower of sugar-plums upon a sheet spread out to receive them. Such a scrambling followed! Even the baby filled her tiny fists! Some of the children hunted long for St. Nicholas, although he was nowhere to be seen, but in the adjoining room was a table covered with a snow-

white cloth; upon it each child laid his wooden shoe, and in the shoe a little hay for the good Saint's horse. Then the door was locked and they hurried to bed eager for morning to come so that they might see



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

YOUNG GIRL PEELING AN APPLE
By Nicolaes Maes

what the good Saint had brought them; all but Adriaen, who looked rather cross, and Rembrandt, who seemed a bit anxious.

Early in the morning the mother unlocked the door, and there on the table was every shoe filled to overflowing, with little bundles by the side. Every one had gifts, from grandfather and grandmother to the baby.

Even Adriaen, in spite of the little birch rod found just as the Saint had warned, received the gift of a bow and arrow for which he had long been eager, and he vowed that he would never again be rude to his father or lazy in his work. Rembrandt was speechless with happiness, for beside his shoe were tubes of paint

of various colors, and brushes of every size. Little Lijsbeth hugged her new doll in her arms and danced her up and down before the baby; Lambert buried his nose in his new books, and Hilda and Gretel were quite happy together inspecting their new caps.

“Father,” cried Rembrandt, suddenly, and in so strange a voice that all looked up astonished.

“Father,” he continued, coming forward hastily, and at the same time drawing a roll of paper from his blouse, “I was up in the top of your mill the other day, thinking of how I want to be a painter when I grow up, and just then the sun shone through the little windows and made such a wonderful stream of light through the darkness that I thought I would like to paint light and dark like that, so I did with the colors I had. And then, Father, the other day at school I kept thinking and thinking, no matter what I did, of how grandmother looks in the chimney-corner, and of how the good mother looks,—so kind and gentle when she gathers us by her side on a holy night and tells us stories of the Bible, and so I drew them as I remembered, on this sheet of paper; and the other night I stole into the room when grandmother was knitting and mother was sewing, so quiet that they did not

hear me, and I finished them then. They are gifts for you, Father."

Slowly Mynheer van Rhyh took from his little son



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

WHEATFIELDS

By Jacob Van Ruisdael

the roll of paper, held it up, and started back in astonishment. On one sheet was a portrait of grandmother, and crude though it was, the face seemed to be alive, so well was it modelled in light and dark, and the

shadows in the background were deep and warm and rich. More wonderful than that, even, was the portrait of the good mother, pencil sketch though it was, but so true that she seemed about to look up from her sewing and say:

“Well, my boy, home from thy skating already?”

Oh! the excitement in the family! Grandmother was so proud of her picture, and grandfather, too! The children gathered around, looking strangely at Rembrandt and having nothing to say.

“Come here, my son,” said the good mother, smiling at him. “So thou wished to paint thy mother, boy. Well, Father, when the lad has studied hard at his schooling so that he will be able to hold his own in the world, we must let him study in the studio of some good painter, if he still wishes; is it not so?”

The father slowly nodded consent, and going over to the boy laid his hand on his head, saying:

“My son, the good Saint Nicholas was right when he said that thou must mend thy ways in school, but if at the end of several years thou still feelest thou wouldst be a painter and can keep on making pictures the like of these, I will oppose thee no more. God bless thee, my son.”

The boy Rembrandt kept on studying how to paint

and how to portray the wonderful effect of light and dark which he discovered, and became the great artist who made such remarkable portraits that they all seem to live.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN CUTTING HER NAILS
By Rembrandt

THE STORY OF A LITTLE QUAKER BOY: BENJAMIN WEST

The Quakers called themselves "Friends," but were called "Quakers" by other people, because they often said one ought to "quake" at the thought of the anger of God. They were stern, God-fearing people, dressing plainly and living simply without any luxuries. They would not take any oaths, and they treated all people alike, calling even the king by his given name, and refusing to take off their hats in his presence. The children were taught to be obedient, gentle and kind; and an amusing story is told about one little girl who was a little too kind for her own safety. She sat at the door of her house one day, eating her milk-porridge, when her mother heard her softly say again and again: "Now thee sha'n't, keep to thy part!" and stealing up on tiptoe saw to her surprise that the little girl was sharing her supper with a big black snake, which ate from one side of the bowl while she ate from the other!

The story I am to tell you is about a little boy who was brought up in a very humble Quaker home, but who dreamed of becoming a great painter; and who studied and persevered, until he realized his dreams and became a painter of many pictures.

IT was in a plain little Pennsylvania home surrounded by a neat garden, in which bloomed gay flowers, in a humble room with very simple furniture, that one morning in the early eighteenth cen-

tury a little boy about six years old sat busily bending over a scrap of paper on which he was intently making lines with red and black ink. There was a big fireplace at one end of the room, and above it were hanging sweet-



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
A GREAT QUAKER
By Duplessis

smelling herbs. Near the window was a spinning-wheel and a high-backed chair; and over in a corner by the tall clock was a table near which the little boy sat. Every few moments he would look earnestly at a baby who was happily sleeping in a wooden cradle close to his side. Now and then the little lad would tip his head first to one side and then to the other and hold off the scrap of

paper, looking at it with half-closed eyes and a most critical air. The minutes went by, and still the little boy worked, until finally he breathed a deep sigh of relief and said, triumphantly:

“It *is* like her!”

But just at that moment a voice close behind him called:

“What is thee doing, Benjamin? Art thou tending little Sally as thou promised?”

Looking up, he saw his mother in her plain gray Quaker dress, with its short full skirt, a white kerchief of muslin over the low bodice, gazing down upon him very soberly, yet kindly.

“Alas,” thought the little fellow, “what shall I do?”

So many things that he wanted to play and do were wrong, and he had never heard of any one making pictures with ink and a quill pen, and maybe he ought not to have done so, but he hadn't *meant* any wrong! Still, he was much confused and tried to conceal the paper behind his back, fully expecting some kind of punishment for the strange thing he had done.

“Answer me, Benjamin! What is thee doing?” asked his mother a second time, and by now his older sister had come into the room and was standing by the side of his mother, looking at the little boy with a puzzled expression in her eyes.

“N-nothing,” finally stammered Benjamin in answer to his mother's question.

“Benjamin, show me what is in thy hand!” commanded his mother more sternly.

So the little boy, hanging down his head in great confusion, tremblingly handed her the scrap of paper. Upon it was a rough drawing in red and black ink.

“Look, daughter!” she exclaimed. “I do believe the boy has made a likeness of baby Sally!”

The younger woman took the bit of paper, looking first at the picture and then at the baby as she lay asleep.

“It *is* like Baby,” she agreed, smiling.

“Of course it is!” said the mother. “See the eyes, the little curved mouth with even the dimple in the corner! Who taught thee how to draw pictures, Benjamin?”

The little boy ventured to lift his eyes and peep up into his mother’s face, murmuring:

“Nobody. I just made it all up; while you and sister were out in the garden I found a pen and some ink, and little Sally looked so easy to make, and so I—but please, I did not mean to displease thee, Mother!”

“I know not what the Friends would say, should they hear on’t,” said his mother, thoughtfully, and left the room, carrying the bit of paper with her, wondering what sort of man her little boy was to become, and little realizing that the crude sketch which Benjamin had made of his baby sister was the first time that an

American artist had done original work, for before that time the painters had all worked from European copies.

It was not long before John West, the little lad's rugged Quaker father, decided it was time for his son to go to school. Now the little town where they lived was quite near a great forest, and real Indians often came to trade with the settlers. They had been quite friendly with the Quakers ever since the treaty with William Penn. The school boys liked the Indians, too, and spent much time talking with them by signs, and pictures, and broken words; sometimes they would trade a string of beads for a bow and arrows.

One day when Benjamin West was eight years old he made for the Indians some drawings of flowers and



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL IN THE
WILDERNESS

By Benjamin West

birds, and they were delighted and gathered around him with signs of high approval.

“Here!” cried one of them who knew a little English, giving the boy a scrap of the red and yellow pigment which they used in decorating their bodies.

Just as fast as he could Benjamin ran home, straight up to his mother, who was bending over her wash-tub.

“Oh Mother!” he cried. “Look what the Indians gave me!”

Then Benjamin’s mother, who had quite decided that her boy’s delight in drawing pictures need not be discouraged, since it was tolerated by the Friends, gave him a piece of indigo, for blue. Now he had red, yellow, and blue, but no brush! He tried to paint with feathers, but with no success. What should he do? Just as he was trying to think of something out of which he could make a brush, his father’s pet cat came walking slowly into the room, confident of receiving a welcome from little Benjamin, and of a good snooze by the window in the sun. But alas for poor pussy! Benjamin pounced upon her, and clipped off a bit of fur from the tip of her tail. My! that was a fine brush, but it did not last long, and more and more of poor pussy’s fur was cut out to make him brushes, despite the plaintive wails and fierce scratchings of the enraged cat!

Everything went well, and Benjamin was able to finish quite a few pictures, until one day his father happened to observe how different his pet cat looked.

“What can be the matter with Puss!” he asked. “Come here, Puss, come! Hast thou scalded her, wife?” he continued, as the cat refused to come at his bidding, but shunk away into a corner, doubtless afraid she was going to lose some more fur.

No one seemed to know anything about it. Mrs. West thought the cat must have some disease and that the only merciful thing to do was to put her out of the misery she must be in, according to her appearance. But Benjamin could not bear the thought of having his cat killed, although he was well frightened at the thought of the punishment which might come to him.

“Oh, father!” he cried, breathlessly. “Don’t kill her! I—I—used her fur to make paint brushes!”

Now his father was a stern Quaker, but the thought of poor pussy being used to make paint brushes struck his sense of humor and he laughed long and heartily; but nevertheless bade Benjamin leave the cat’s fur untouched in the future.

Poor Benjamin fared ill for awhile, not knowing what to do for brushes, for it was hard enough in those days to provide food and clothing, without laying out extra

money for buying paint brushes. But one day a relative, a merchant from Philadelphia, visited them, and happened to see some of Benjamin's first crude sketches,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Gilbert Stuart

(One of Benjamin West's pupils)

made with the few colors he had, and the "cat-fur" brushes.

"John," said he to Benjamin's father, "the boy shows great promise, and thou must not discourage such a gift!"

More than that, when he went back to Philadelphia, he sent the lad a paint-box, brushes, and canvas, and a set of six well-known engravings.

Benjamin was speechless with delight, for before this time he had not

so much as seen pictures others had made—just those made by his own hand.

The next morning he started for school as usual, but later in the day one of his brothers reported that Benjamin had not been at school all day long. His mother

hunted all over the house, and at last found him in the attic, so busy with his new paints and canvas that he did not even hear her approach.

“My son,” she began, “What dost thou mean by deceiving thy mother and staying away from school? Thou deservest well to be punished, and I shall have thy father—”

But just then she caught sight of the canvas on which he was working, and saw that he had combined two of the engravings he had received into a composition of his own, so beautiful and charming that she was much astonished. She clasped the lad tenderly in her arms and exclaimed under her breath:

“Oh thou wonderful child!”

And she bade him leave the picture just as it was, fearing lest another touch would spoil it.

The boy kept on working at his pictures and the next time the relative from Philadelphia came to see them he was so delighted with Benjamin's progress that he took him back with him. It was the first time the boy had been in any city, and Philadelphia in those days was the greatest city in America. It was founded by the Quaker, William Penn, and its name means “Brotherly Love.” Benjamin was much impressed with everything, especially with a picture painted by

an artist who was working in the city at that time. He stood in front of it spellbound, for it was the first painting by another which he had ever seen.

“I shall become a painter, too!” determined the boy



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A COLONIAL ROOM

in his heart, as he stood that day looking at the picture before him, and he resolved to work harder than ever before.

In about a year Benjamin began his first portrait work, and was so successful that he became well known and began to receive many orders. Soon he tried his

hand at historical pictures, and did so well that a Dr. Smith of the College at Philadelphia offered to educate him, not only in classical studies, but in those which would help him to become a painter, and Benjamin very gratefully accepted his offer and studied hard and diligently.

Meanwhile the Quakers were rather anxious about the boy's future; that one of their number should become a painter of worldly pictures was more than they could comprehend! But Benjamin's parents, proud of their son's gift, represented to the other Quakers in the little meeting-house that Benjamin's talent for painting was a gift from God, and that they would do wrong to discourage it. And so the Friends were induced to look favorably upon the boy's career as a painter, and he returned joyfully to Philadelphia to take up his work again.

On and on he studied, more and more devoted to his work, until finally provision was made for him to go to Rome and study there. America was still regarded as a barbarous country, and this lad, a member of a queer religious sect, was looked upon with much interest.

"Oh, that's the young artist from America!" every one would murmur when he appeared in his long drab coat, knee buckles, silk stockings and wide-brimmed

hat. Every one was enthusiastic about him, and such good reports of his progress reached America, that through the generosity of the Governor of Pennsylvania and another good friend, he was enabled to spend three years in Italy at study and travel.

It was in 1763 when Benjamin West went to London at the age of twenty-five. George III was on the throne, and there were murmurings of discontent heard from far-away America. But with the good fortune which always attended him, Benjamin was well received, and finally the praise his work received induced the King to summon him into his presence; he received him very kindly and gave him commissions for several big paintings. Then the Quaker lad, who had begun so humbly in his Pennsylvania home, was made court painter, and painted many historical and religious pictures as well as portraits; and he was visited and admired by the foremost men of the day.

Although there are many faults in Benjamin West's pictures, in grouping, in coloring, and in an over-hasty finishing, yet it is for us to remember the little Quaker boy who had dreamed of becoming a great painter, who studied hard, and realized his dreams, both in this country and in Europe, and who founded our American school of painting.

